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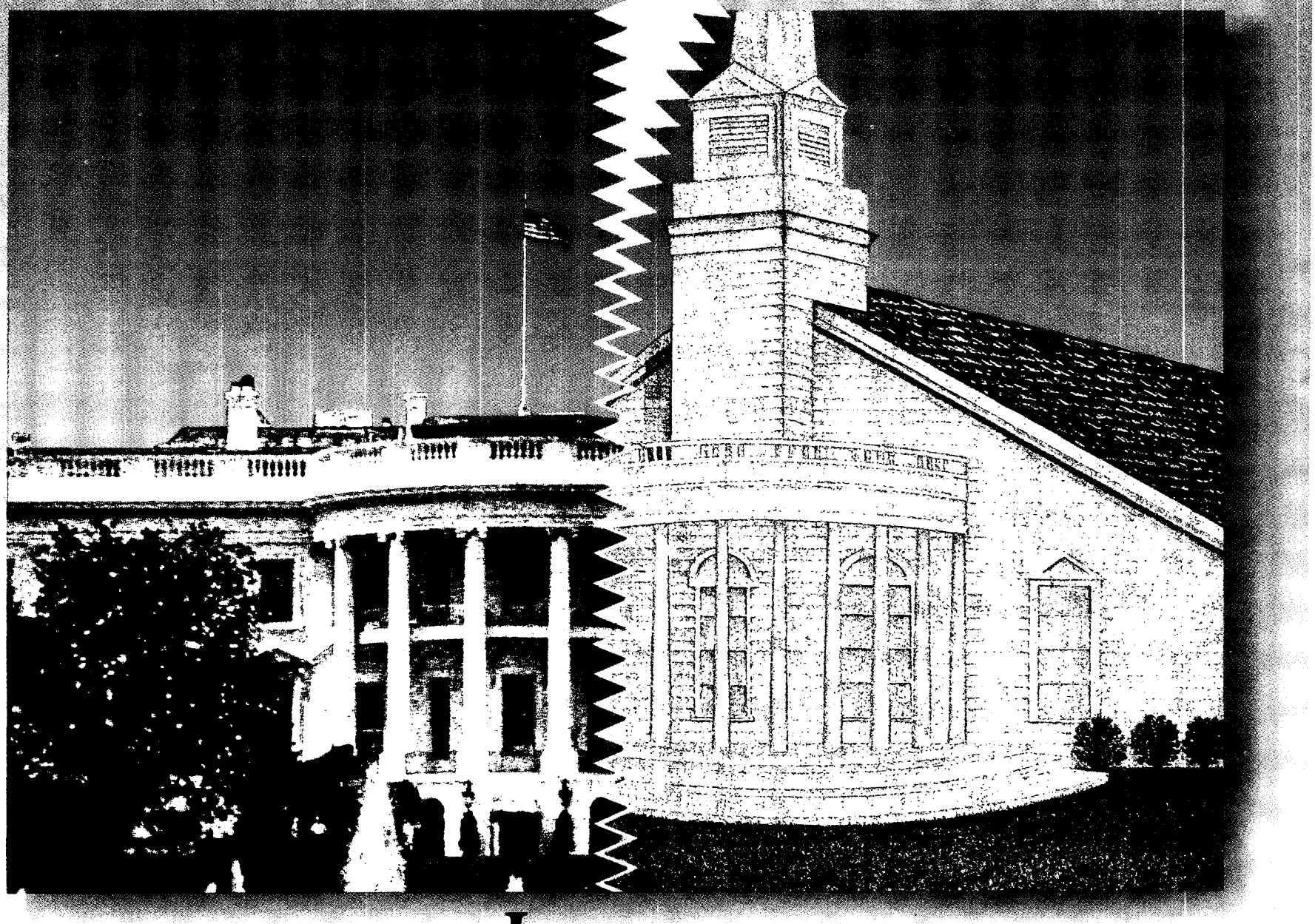

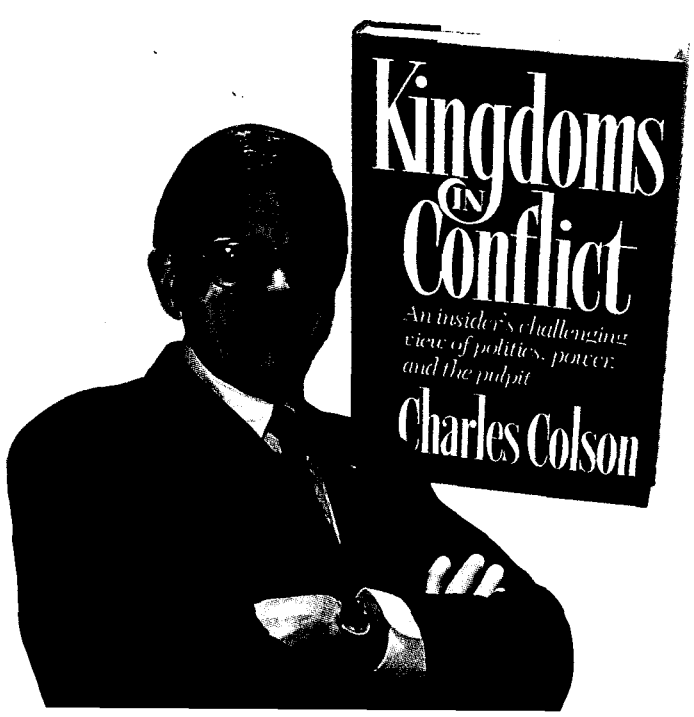

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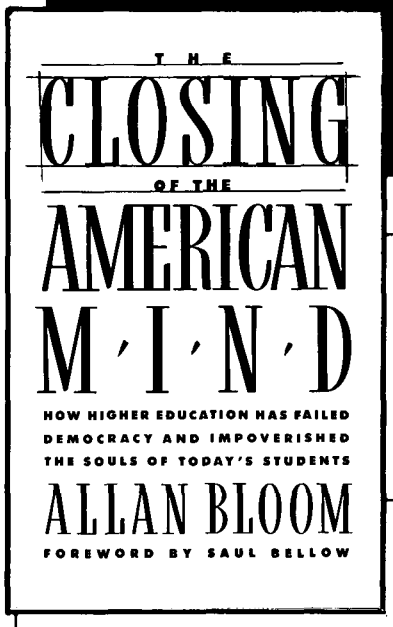

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Israel's Borders
Are they "legitimate"? Should they be changed?

Many in the Arab world insist that the State of Israel is "illegitimate" and that, in order to be considered for "recognition", it must, at the very least, "adjust" its borders. In order to justify that insistent demand, Arab propaganda has created many myths. By dint of constant repetition, some of these myths have come to be accepted as reality.

What are some of these myths, and what are the facts?

Myth: The establishment of the State of Israel in 1948 changed border arrangements that had existed for centuries.
Fact: The borders in the Middle East were drawn arbitrarily after World War I, by Britain and France. In the spoils, Britain got Iraq and Palestine. In 1922, contrary to its mandate from the League of Nations, Britain gave the area east of the Jordan River (77% of Palestine) to the Hashemite tribes.

Myth: Israel has been expansionist since its establishment.
Fact: In 1974, Israel returned to Syria territories captured in the 1967 and 1973 defensive wars. In exchange for a peace treaty, Israel returned the vast Sinai area to Egypt, with all of its settlements, strategic installations, and economic assets. Thus, Israel proved conclusively that peace and security—not extra land—are its top priorities.

Myth: Judea and Samaria (also called "the West Bank") are part of Jordan.
Fact: The British allocated the area east of the Jordan river to the Hashemite tribes. These tribes founded a kingdom and called it Transjordan. In 1948, after the declaration of Israel's independence, the British-led Transjordanians attacked the newly-founded Jewish state and were able to occupy Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") and the eastern part of Jerusalem. They renamed themselves "Jordan" and stayed in that occupation for 19 years, until they were defeated and driven out by Israel in the 1967 Six Day War.

Myth: Israeli settlements in Judea and Samaria ("West Bank") are illegal, an obstacle to peace.
Fact: Contrary to what Arab propaganda suggests, Jordan was never sovereign in Judea-Samaria (the "West Bank"). Thus, the constantly-repeated accusation of "Israeli occupation" is pointless. Numerous international legal authorities, among them Eugene Rostow, have shown conclusively that Israel's rights in Judea-Samaria (the "West Bank") are based on international law and are further affirmed by U.N. Resolutions 242 and 338. President Reagan concluded that Jewish settlements are not illegal and that ". . . all people—Moslems, Jews, and Christians—are entitled to live in the West Bank."

Myth: Israel annexed the Golan Heights illegally and has no right to hold onto them.
Fact: The Golan Heights is a desolate area the size of Queens, NY. The arbitrary boundary lines drawn after World War II did place the Golan Heights in Syria. It put Israel at an impossible military disadvantage. From 1948 until Israel captured the Heights in the 1967 Six-Day War, Syria subjected Israeli settlements in the plains below to constant bombardment. Israel has been prepared to negotiate all issues with Syria, including the status of the Golan Heights.

Myth: Israel's insistence on defensible borders is unrealistic in this age of missiles and long-range bombers.
Fact: Israel, *including* Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") has an area about half the size of San Bernardino County in California. In contrast, the land area of the Arab nations is twice that of the U.S.! If Israel were to give up Judea and Samaria, it would only be nine miles (!) wide between the Arab military machine and the Mediterranean Sea. That narrow waist contains 75% of Israel's population and most of its industrial installations. Missile and bombers would not be needed. In case of attack, Israel could not mobilize and its principal population centers would be reduced to rubble within a matter of minutes.

Israel is the only victorious country in recorded history that, in quest for peace and acceptance, has surrendered vast territories to the vanquished. Still, Israel is not prepared to commit suicide by yielding to propaganda and myth and by adjusting its boundaries to suit the purposes of its implacable enemies. The insistence on "adjustment" of borders is one step in the plan for its destruction. The solution? Sit down at the negotiating table and work out an agreement on borders, just as Israel did with Egypt. Israel has been ready for such talks for 20 years. So far, only Egypt has finally agreed to sit down and talk to Israel. All other countries concerned consider themselves in a state of war with Israel, deny its "existence", and will not consider any talks or negotiations.

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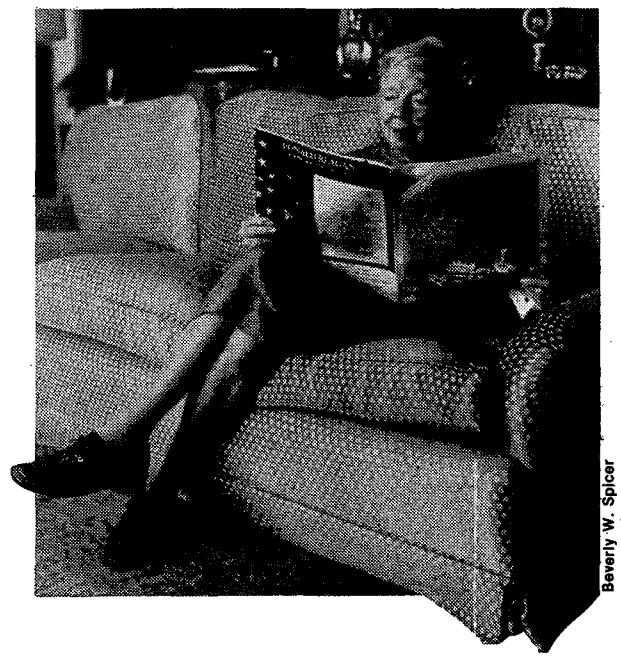
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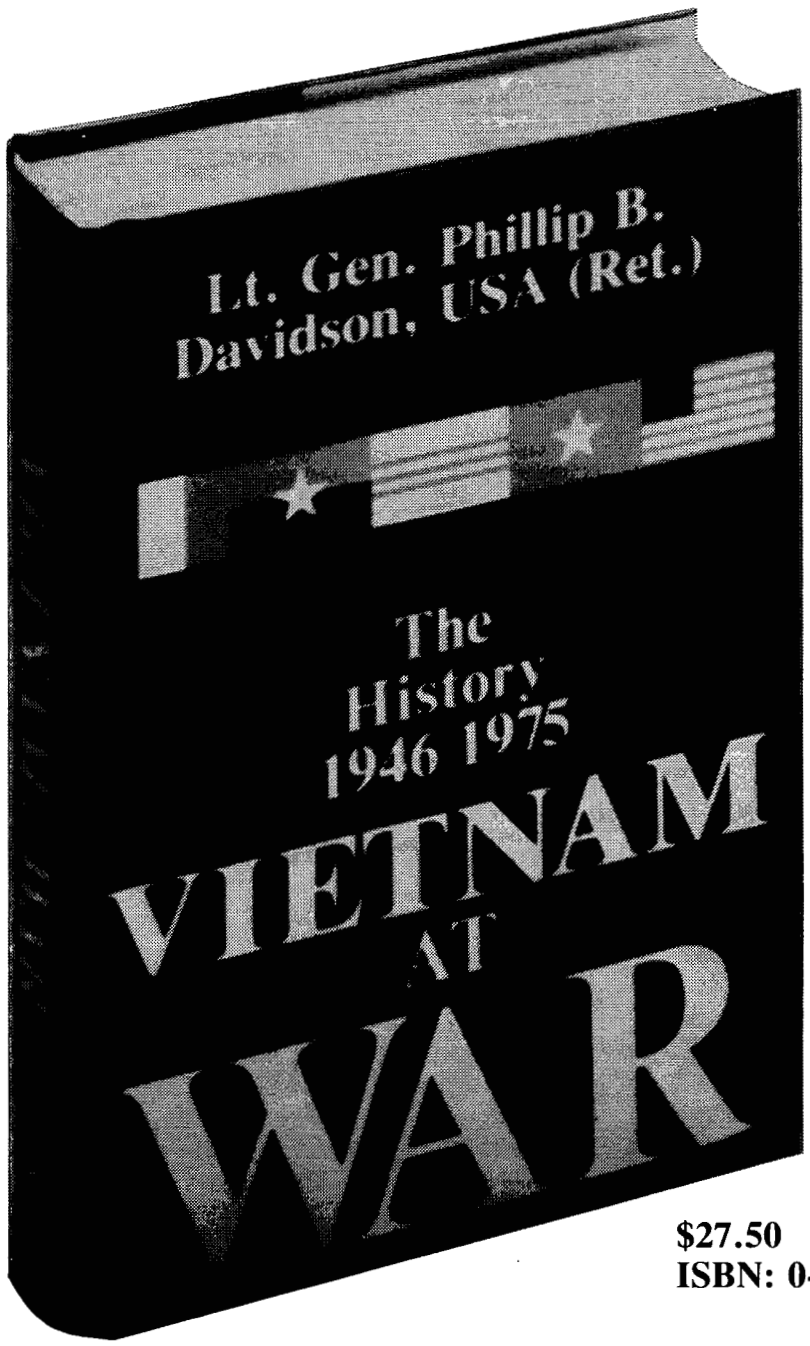

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•April has passed into the history books, though in America few even know what a history book might be. Certainly on college campuses the history book is *liber incognitus*, even for historians, and so during the month Secretary of Education William J. Bennett continued his lonely campaign to interest college presidents in the mystery and glory of higher education. He even went to Stanford University, the Heart of Darkness, to reprove the faculty's bovine intelligentsia for scrubbing its great books course of such neoconservatives as Homer and Plato. The hoofed profs insist that Western thought includes simply too many white males. Yet how do they know that Homer and Plato were white? Based on my researches throughout the Peloponnesus, the old boys were probably of an olive hue. Thus the profs can return to their scholarly perusals of comic books and sex manuals and cease worrying that these old Greeks and their peers from the Renaissance are a threat to campus morons.

•Quite possibly Nigeria has surpassed South Africa as the Dark Continent's most civilized country. In progressive Lagos, those two Nigerian police officers convicted of shooting four lawyers at random have been freed without penalty by an enlightened Nigerian judge who recognized that to do otherwise would imperil police morale. In New Albany, Indiana, Mrs. Clara Blankenburg was released unharmed after trapping herself for nearly twelve hours in her bird cage to the consternation of her feathered friends, two of whom perished within hours of Mrs. Blankenburg's release. New Age Democrats saw their hopes of capturing the White House soar when it was reported by the surviving members of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force that only 2 percent of its members favor Vice President Bush's candidacy while 36 percent favor the Rev. Jesse Jackson and 22 percent want to go all out for Governor Mary Lou Dukakis of Guam, thus assuring the Democrats of at least 58 percent of a most important swing vote.

•On April 10 a mammoth ammunition dump exploded under mysterious circumstances in Islamabad, Pakistan, killing more than seventy people and injuring approximately 800. At the annual Academy Awards orgies, Mr. Bernardo Bertolucci's *The Last Emperor* received ten Oscars. Among the plenitude of others to be exalted was the cousin of Governor Dukakis, Olympia Dukakis, who interrupted her otherwise conventional peroration to declare, inscrutably, "Let's go do it Mike." The American Catholic Church—hitherto a staunch opponent of fleshly thoughts about women—now opposes any thoughts about women whatsoever, except perhaps the thought that women should mix more actively with the Church's celibate priests—odd? On April 11, the American Catholic bishops promulgated the first draft of a *diktat* urging more female participation in sacerdotal activities while apprising the faithful of "the sin of sexism," by which these unhappy men seem to mean any systematic thought about sexual differences, or perhaps they mean nothing at all.

•New Zealand's Mrs. Ana Presland, an artist, continues to campaign for her womb. Last March she had it removed in Sydney, Australia, during a very humdrum hysterectomy. Then Mrs. Presland, inspired no doubt by her long-standing interest in the historical preservation movement, decided to keep her womb and sued New South Wales health authorities for the right to preserve it in a glass jar. Now she intends to return it to New Zealand despite protests from Health Department officials, who classify it as a "restricted import." Mrs. Presland insists that her only intention is to show the womb to her two sisters before following a family tradition of burying it on Te Kaha, a remote beach where the umbilical cords of her nine brothers and sisters now repose. But the authorities are standing by their original judgment that the government of New Zealand will not countenance Mrs. Presland's womb. And there is more antipodean news. The Australian government has appropriated $11,000 to save the famed gurgling worms of Korumburra from likely extinction. The enormous worms, some of whom reach twelve feet, attract thousands of Australian tourists to Korumburra annually with their amazing mundane feats, gurgling melodiously while burrowing through the colorful Korumburra muck. Tragically, these amazing creatures are being imperiled by local farmers unmindful of the fact that their extinction would not only deny Australians a national treasure but that the town of Korumburra would lose what has become its major industry since the local butter plant folded.

•From India comes word that the Gurkha tribesmen of Darjeeling have devised a remedy for dealing with biased press coverage that transcends any remedy ever envisaged even by the resourceful Mr. Reed Irvine of Accuracy in Media. Late in the month the head of Mr. Nirmal Rai, a news reporter for a Hindi newspaper, was placed on display in a public square, though his body was nowhere to be found. Mr. Rai had repeatedly irked members of the Gurkha National Liberation Front, and it will not happen again. In China, where Western ways are making a comeback, authorities are apparently not ready to accept the role of the investigative reporter either. In Peking a reporter was beaten by security guards who caught him filming a flower show without permission.

•With this issue, Dr. Irwin Stelzer of the John F. Kennedy School of Government at Harvard begins a regular column on matters economic so that we will be better informed about the great economic peril the liberals have been telling us about since January 20, 1981. On April 12, the Dow Jones Industrial average hit 2100 for the first time since that October 19th of unhappy memory, but two days later it dropped 101.46 points on news of an expansion in the U.S. trade deficit. Two days later burglars pilfered the mummified remains of Pope Celestine V, who passed away in the thirteenth century, from the Basilica of Our Lady of Collemaggio in L'Aquila. And six days later the old Pope was discovered in perfect condition in a cemetery in Amatirce, Italy, where he should have been in the first place. AIDS researchers writing in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* disclosed that the best way to avoid the disease is to copulate only with those in low risk groups, but Mr. Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, the well-known guru, is even more conservative. He believes that AIDS can be contracted by a simple handshake and has duly admonished 5,500 of his followers at a commune in Pune, India, that "When you come across a friend, raise your hands to the sky and scream 'yaa hoo.' " The guru has recently become an inveterate watcher of America's Sunday morning political talk shows. Baltimore, Maryland's health authorities are approaching the disease more scientifically. There, researchers using long-handled fish nets are counting used condoms found floating in the city's sewage-treatment pools to ascertain the number of Baltimoreans who actually practice safe sex. According to an AIDS surveillance supervisor, Mr. Courtland Storck, "It's certainly not a very pleasant job, but it is important." Yaa hoo!

•Half of the Iranian navy was eliminated on April 17 after firing upon American naval vessels in the Persian Gulf, according to a memorable headline in the moderately conservative *Washington Times*. The PLO's second in command, Mr. Khalil al-Wazir, who allegedly had masterminded the continuing

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uprisings on the West Bank and the bloody hijacking of an Israeli civilian bus, died of natural causes—natural, that is, for the Middle East—in Tunis. A vampire was slain in Orljan, Yugoslavia by her mother. The belief in vampires is widespread in parts of Yugoslavia, though Yugoslavians still doubt the reports of the English author, Evelyn Waugh, who while serving as a British intelligence officer in Yugoslavia during World War II insisted that Tito, the Communist leader, was in truth a woman. In Charles County, Maryland, Circuit Judge Graydon S. McKee III upheld the animal control board's edict that Mrs. Maxine Swaine have all but one of her twenty-two dogs surgically "debarked" to quiet the racket. And in Long Beach, California, Mr. Thomas Demski has been ordered by the city to haul down the American flag that he flies round the clock owing to neighbors' complaints that its nocturnal flapping constitutes "noise pollution." American touchiness continues.

—RET

CORRESPONDENCE

For Shame

It's easy to see why the author of the article "One Flew Into the Cuckoo's Nest" (*TAS*, April 1988) wishes to remain anonymous. But I was disappointed that *The American Spectator*, which has a fine reputation and which I generally enjoy, would publish an article so biased, misleading, and full of error.

Surely, Mr. Funky could have done better than to rewrite inaccurate stories about the Consumer Product Safety Commission which long ago appeared in other publications. The parts of his story not based on old news clips are attributed to anonymous aides of the Chairman. Yet the Chairman asserts that no one on his staff talked to Mr. Funky. Question: Who are those unnamed individuals impersonating the Chairman's aides quoted so extensively by the unidentified author? Might be worth checking.

If any of your readers are really curious about the goings-on at the CPSC, please let them know that voting records are available to the public, as are speeches, opinions, and dissents. In the category of getting the facts straight, those who know me would be puzzled by Mr. Funky's characterization of my credentials. As one of the founding members of Young Americans for Freedom, I can only be amused when Mr. Funky casually suggests that I support traditionally Democratic positions. An objective observer of the Commission's record would have no difficulty in identifying who among us adheres to conservative principle.

—Carol G. Dawson
Vice Chairman
U.S. Product Safety Commission
Washington, D.C.

Allen Funky replies:

It's good to see that Ms. Dawson was a founding member of YAF way back when, but my story was on the current situation at her agency. She points out no factual inaccuracies in the portrayal of her voting record because there were none. Neither should she gripe about my sources, which were as authentic as the repeated, though refused, requests for an interview with Ms. Dawson.

Pacifists Strike Back

Thanks for the vastly amusing article on the Center for Defense Information by Michael Fumento ("The Center for Defense Misinformation," *TAS*, April 1988). I haven't seen anything so comical since Republicans started asserting George Bush's televised temper tantrum with Dan Rather demonstrated his virility.

Mr. Fumento's main criticism of CDI was that it has an "ideological slant." Yes, Michael, and the sun rises in the east also. Of course, it has a slant. So does the American Enterprise Institute, Hoover Institution, Institute for Foreign Policy Analysis, Center for Strategic and International Studies, Hudson Institute, National Strategy Information Center, Center for International Security, Committee on the Present Danger, American Security Council, High Frontier, Ethics and Public Policy Center, Heritage Foundation, National Institute for Public Policy, Foreign Policy Research Institute, etc. So what? Every group has a slant. Do I get mad because the press fails to identify these groups as right-wing, national security sycophants? No, because I recognize that in a democracy they are permitted to put out a point of view, regardless of its relevance, or in the case of the above groups, irrelevance. The fact that Fumento is in a snit over CDI and none of the others shows us his bias but fails to establish CDI's guilt over alleged "misinformation."

While Fumento might find Bill Gertz's derogatory comments about CDI noteworthy, others, who are aware of the *Washington Times*'s own marked bias on defense issues, are unimpressed. Similarly, anyone who helped coauthor such a vacuous piece of fluff as *America Can Win*—not *America Can Reform*, get your facts straight, Mike—can also be dismissed.

Finally, considering the far greater number of groups who support the national security orthodoxy, CDI's work is proof of the Pentagon aphorism that in a target-rich environment one can always have an impact.

—David Isenberg
Washington, D.C.

As a journalist of some thirty years (for *Time*, CBS, and the *New York Times*), I have seen a good many hatchet jobs. But Michael Fumento's piece rivals anything I have ever seen for sheer malice. There's nothing one can really say about Mr. Fumento's reckless disregard for the truth (except, maybe, "Yccch").

More interesting than Mr. Fumento's errors of fact and perverse interpretations: his unspoken assumption that our continuing to run in the arms race will guarantee "freedom." There is another respectable body of American opinion: that in doing so we have already given ourselves a degree of unfreedom. How fitting that Mr. Fumento ends with a mean quote from Admiral Elmo Zumwalt, Jr. asserting that if Admiral La Rocque's ideas prevail, "my children will not live out their lives in freedom."

Is this the same Admiral Zumwalt whose son Elmo III and grandson Elmo IV are dying slow, premature deaths because, during Lt. Zumwalt's tour in South Vietnam, he patrolled rivers that had been sprayed by Agent Orange? Is this the same Admiral Zumwalt who gave the orders to spray that Agent Orange? I would point out to Admiral Zumwalt, to Government Lawyer Fumento, and to the editors of *The American Spectator* that as Elmo III is fighting a cancer that is caused by one of our own instruments of war, he may be dying proof of his own patriotism (I will not say here what kind) and proof of the patriotism that has been forced upon little Elmo IV. But dying in this manner is no way for Elmo Jr.'s children to "live out their lives in freedom."

—Robert Blair Kaiser
Mammoth Lakes, California

Michael Fumento replies:

Mr. Kaiser apprises us of my "reckless disregard for the truth" without attempting to cite a single such transgression. Instead, he uses the letters section as a forum for pot shots at Admiral Zumwalt, at the use of Agent Orange defoliant, and, apparently, at war in general. While I do not pretend to know the cause of the Zumwalts' medical conditions, I must say I find strange the assertion that accidental deaths caused by one's own side in a war somehow compromise the morality of fighting in an otherwise just war, impugn the motives of this nation or of Admiral Zumwalt specifically in Vietnam, or have a damned thing to do with an article on CDI. Excluding the last, however, perhaps the ghost of Stonewall Jackson might have something to say on the subject.

Mr. Isenberg does a better job at criticizing my veracity, and I shall never be able to look William Lind (coauthor of *America Can Win*) in the eye again. Mr. Isenberg is also correct in asserting that a lobbying group having a bias is hardly a news item. But one of the central points of my article was that CDI is being treated by the media as if it were *without* bias. Further, were one to hear that a Little League umpire was favoring the team his son was on, that would not be news. But what if one discovered that a player on one team was doing everything in his power to help the other team win? Ah, sir, now there's your story!

MLA Marxists' Malaise

As a former university English professor, I would like to endorse D. G. Myers's conclusions in "MLA Malaise" (*TAS*, March 1988). But the MLA long ago caved into eroding standards and left-wing politicization. As far back as the 1979 MLA convention in San Francisco, the last I will ever attend, nonsense reigned supreme in the Alice-in-Wonderland anti-intellectual climate generated by the thousands of milling academics. A typical moment came during a symposium on language and literature when a panelist, a bright young man from a large East Coast university, insisted: "Writing is a series of marks that conveys meaning. In the wild, certain species mark their territories by the dropping of feces and urinating. [A pause.] Now I would like all of you to ponder the following—when does the dropping of feces become writing?" Everyone in the room sat there seriously pondering the question.

—James C. Simmons
San Diego, California

(continued on page 51)

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EDITORIALS

OUR REAL ECONOMY AND THEIRS

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

If you have been following this season's presidential ceremonies you know that every campaigning Democrat addressed himself with grim solemnity to "working people." The estimable editorial page of the *Wall Street Journal* considers this weird. It believes that the Democrats at the national level have lost touch with the real condition of the American economy. Possibly so. With Governor Michael Dukakis and the Reverend Jesse Jackson coming down the stretch it is now plausible to argue that the Democratic ticket could be as far left as that of the Socialist Workers party, winner of 25,000 votes in 1984, and the Democrats' ticket might not have any more experience in national government than the Socialist Workers, whose vice presidential candidate is a woman coal miner.

Then again, the Democrats' morbid incantation to "working people" might just be a residue from the days when Democrats were the country's cleverest politicians. Perhaps they recognize that, alas, Reaganomics has made "working people" the largest voting bloc in the country. Perhaps they know that the Labor Department recently reported that there are more people employed in the Republic today than ever before. In fact unemployment rates dropped to 5.5 percent. In Canada the rate was 7.8 percent, in Italy 6.9 percent, in Germany 7.0 percent, in France 10.6 percent, and in the United Kingdom, where economists marvel at the economic rebirth, the rate was 9.0 percent.

The United States has been producing more jobs more rapidly than any industrialized nation on earth and probably at a faster rate. Yet through sixty-four consecutive months of economic growth during which 16 million new jobs were created, the Democrats and their trained wailers in Academe and in the media have depicted the economy as moribund and facing recession or worse. Most economic indicators have been agreeably robust for years now, thus explaining the economy's unparalleled growth. But through it all the Democrats ululations have rent the air; and when the stock market, which during the Reagan Administration had soared 250 percent to historic highs, dropped 22 percent in a day the Democrats and their agents thrust from mind the economy's sound fundamentals and echoed the lament of their venerable savant Professor John Kenneth Galbraith, who proclaimed, "This debacle marks the last chapter of Reaganomics . . . . In 1929 every high member of the Hoover administration rushed to say that the economy was 'fundamentally sound.' That is exactly what I seem to be hearing today."

Many of us tried to reason with the professor, presenting him with mounds of evidence that the economy was indeed "fundamentally sound." In fact we now know that despite the market crash the Gross National Product for last year's last quarter rose at a respectable 4.8 percent. But the grim chorus could not be cheered up and soon the *New Republic*'s child prodigy, Michael Kinsley, was exaggerating the threat of inflation. Again the evidence was not there to substantiate the alarm. But Mr. Kinsley in the 1980s, like Professor Galbraith throughout his long life, is one of those curiosities who diligently hand down erroneous judgments while rising ever higher in the esteem of their fellows, at least some of whom are more accurate.

At the end of the last Democratic administration, the economy was a ruin. Manufacturing productivity was rising less than one percent annually, and unit labor costs were climbing 8.8 percent annually. Since 1981 manufacturing productivity has climbed 4.5 percent annually, the highest rate in the postwar period; and unit labor costs have been falling 2.4 percent. Manufacturing output has grown four times the rate of the late 1970s. Obviously the Reaganites know how to keep the "working people" working. But the Democrats know how to scare hell out of them, which is still good politics. They recognize that with this growth there has been dislocation and apprehension. It remains for the Republicans to recognize the dislocated workers and to address their problems. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

SEDUCING THE HILL

In the Persian Gulf the President again showed his old decisiveness this April and smote the forces of a renegade regime that, if allowed to roam with impunity, would bring bloody chaos wherever its brutes might go—"One, Two, Many Beiruts!" And airplane hijackings! And tour ship hijackings! And holy wars! The same decisiveness that thwarted insolent enemies in Grenada and Libya has defended our interests in the Gulf. Such is the combustible nature of the modern world that the President must not be restrained from decisive action.

Unfortunately, back in Washington even the combustible nature of the world is expected to yield to the magisterial process of the congressional mind. And the solons and numas of Capitol Hill believe that the world would be a better place if presidential decisiveness were restrained by such instruments of congressional encumbrance as the 1973 War Powers Act. This would not be much of a problem if these were the good old days when the congressional opposition under Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg had reached a consensus with the Democratic administration as to the purposes of American power abroad. Today no such consensus exists, and congressional oversight is problematical.

Conflicting goals, some noble, some actually comic, separate members of Congress from each other and from the President, making consensus almost unimaginable. That is why all Presidents and advocates of decisive American foreign policy have, since its inception, opposed the War Powers Act, particularly its requirement that the President obtain Congress's approval within ninety days of taking military action or of facing even "imminent involvement in hostilities," or he must withdraw our forces. After all, this requirement notifies our enemies of precisely the length of time they will have to face American firepower before we leave the field of combat to them. That is very gentlemanly of the congressional giants who composed this bill, and it might serve them well in their rivalry with the executive branch, but it could handicap the United States in its rivalry with foreign adversaries.

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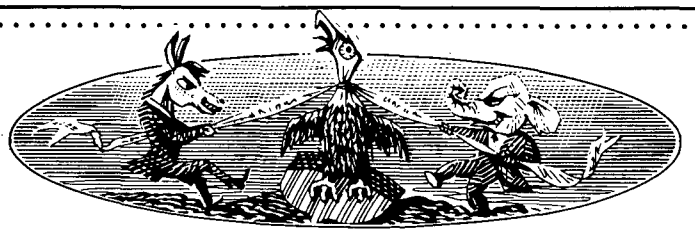
Yet those of us who see the present congressional involvement in presidential foreign policy decisions as an encumbrance might want to consider an alternative congressional involvement. Given the fractious condition of Congress, it is unlikely that foreign policy consensus is near at hand, but recent experience suggests that there is another way to make Congress an ally in our foreign policy rather than allowing it to continue as a haven for those who would obstruct foreign policy. Congressional oversight of our intelligence agencies has actually benefited many intelligence programs by confronting members of Congress with the real problems American interests face abroad and enlightening them to the needs of our intelligence community.

Alas, such is the condition of American politics in this glorious age of the televised campaign that those elected to Congress are often as free of a knowledge of statecraft as they are of a knowledge of the Punic Wars, or of any natural phenomena beyond the borders of the United States, for that matter. For them Congress is a learning experience. Congressional oversight of our intelligence community has educated many to the needs of our intelligence. Some sort of oversight of military action might educate them to the needs of statecraft and bring them into the foreign policy process constructively.

Fred Iklé, until recently our hardline Undersecretary of Defense for Policy, has said that the unwieldy War Powers Act should be given the old heave-ho, to be replaced by congressional resolutions of the kind that supported presidential decisions in Afghanistan. There Congress supported the executive branch, making our policy credible and resolute. "What might benefit both branches of government and American policy," Iklé claims, "is a kind of resolution by which Congress would endorse or reject the purpose of a military effort instead of imposing a deadline—something like a declaration of war but less grave. Declarations of war normally don't tell the enemy that we will pull out after ninety days." But they do show an enemy our national resolve. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



BOULDER'S WORLD

by Tom Bethell

Friday afternoon is party time at the University of Colorado's Boulder campus. Several hundred students were gathered on the terrace of the student union, drinking Coors beer, eating bratwurst and hot dogs, and listening to a rock band that had been booming away since two p.m. Some of the youths were showing off their hacky-sac skills for the benefit of the co-eds, but most just stood around with big beer-filled plastic cups emblazoned with the U. C. logo. They were dressed in the white and pastel sports clothes, T-shirts, cuffed Bermudas, and tennis shoes that are now standard campus wear across the country.

Over to the right, Rocky peaks towered up in the spring mist. A big wall sign on the terrace read: "Colorado Reggae Spring Splash IV/Rankin Scroo and Ginger/Tony Brown Caribbean All Stars/Mumbo Jumbo Sunday April 17, Glenn Miller Ballroom." Signs warned that "Beer must be consumed inside ropes."

Across Broadway, at the Sigma Chi fraternity house, they were just coming to the end of a party that had been going on all week—"Back to the 'Fifties Derby Days," it was called, Stroh's-sponsored, with one thousand sorority girls arriving in relays to compete for Derby Queen. This entailed playing three-on-three basketball on a terrace made into a human amphitheater by the surrounding crush of appreciative male spectators, packed in tight to watch the girls perform.

"Andy," one lad said to his neighbor, "that girl Leslie Cook is gorgeous."

I was at Boulder to attend another week-long event, the Conference on World Affairs, organized every year since the 1940s by an emeritus sociology professor named Howard Higman, now 73. This year's star speakers included Ted Turner, the chairman of the board of Turner Broadcasting System, whose plenary address was entitled "One World"; Gene La Rocque, the left-wing rear admiral who has made quite a retirement career for himself addressing such globalist conferences[1]; John Stockwell, the ex-CIA agent who now roams the nation castigating the U.S. with all the zeal of a defector; Jed Duvall of ABC Morning News; Roger Ebert, the film critic; and there were about 100 others.

I asked one or two of the students on the terrace why they weren't attending the World Affairs Conference, and what they thought of it.

"I think it's very beneficial to our community," said one wag named Joseph, a senior from Boston. Two adoring freshman girls, one on either side of him, doubled over with laughter, almost spilling their beer.

There was in fact a sizable crowd in the Glenn Miller ballroom for the Tuesday afternoon "One World" session with Ted Turner (Jed Duvall, discussant). Most of the audience seemed to consist of those hardy septuagenarian heartlanders for whom the founding of the United Nations was the culmination of a dream and who have never given up hoping that Americans will one day come to their senses, disarm, and preach a sensible communitarian socialism unto all nations. For them it was clearly a wondrous experience to find that they now had on their side this admittedly rather brash, but nonetheless highly enthusiastic businessman, embracing their ideas with so much zeal and energy that perhaps their dreams might yet unexpectedly materialize (for they are getting old and beginning to lose hope).

"We are one species and the time has come for us to start acting accordingly," Turner said. He allowed that only a few years ago he had been "a rampant nationalist and a rabid right-winger," believing it to be America's destiny "to rule the world." But Turner is a "history buff" and one day something came to him—"the realization that perhaps the biggest threat to our security and survival was not the Soviet Union." It was instead "the arms race, over-population, and environmental decay." So he formed an organization called the Better World Society, with a board of directors that includes Georgi Arbatov of the Soviet Union, Jimmy Carter, Lester Brown of Worldwatch, and various figures from the general region where the United Nations and the population-control lobbies intersect.

Problems persist, however. "There's still an element of people that's filled with hatred, suspicion, and paranoia," Turner said, referring to his former comrades on the right. On the hopeful side, a new breed of Soviet leader had at last come to the fore, the "first of the post-revolutionary generation," Mikhail Gorbachev, "a man who likes to hold babies."

Turner said that he had made six trips to the Kremlin. He had struck some kind of a television program-swapping deal with the Communists, his goal being to "bring people together with technology," and "work together for peace." The illusion persists among one-worlders that we remain divided into warring tribes and nations because we do not understand one another well enough—a "failure to communicate." This interpretation overlooks the datum that most murders occur between family members. And have the one-worlders not heard of civil war? Anyway, the work of healing was evidently progressing. Ted Turner's television network had broadcast "A Thousand Cranes," a joint U.S.-Soviet endeavor to save the Siberian crane, "one of the programs we aired to counter the destructive in-

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Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent and a media fellow at the Hoover Institution. A collection of his essays,* The Electric Windmill, *was published by Regnery Gateway this spring.*

[1]For more on Admiral La Rocque, see "The Center for Defense Misinformation," by Michael Fumento, in *TAS*, April 1988.

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fluence of ABC's series 'Amerika.'"

Like all one-worlders, Ted Turner holds great hopes for arms control. Jed Duvall at one point interjected the very reasonable suggestion that perhaps on this score we should give some credit to Ronald Reagan. This was met by a sullen silence from the audience.

"What difference does it make?" Turner said. "Let's give credit to everyone." In particular, however, he wanted to give credit to Howard Baker, the White House chief of staff, upon whom he lavished praise.

At question time a young woman (a student, I think) came to the microphone and said that while she was all in favor, had been greatly heartened, was very much in agreement, and so on, she nonetheless worried: Are there still not many people in the world who "think differently"? That very day on television, she said, there had been these pictures of the hijacked jumbo jet from Kuwait with the body thrown brutally onto the tarmac . . .

Hey, wait a minute, Turner came back, not liking the drift of the young woman's remarks. He reminded her that "there's more murders perpetrated every day in America by Americans." Just because Americans weren't on that plane doesn't mean . . .

"I guess I'm saying it can't work," said the girl regretfully.

"Well then why don't you go out and jump in the lake?" Turner said. "Why don't you go and hide in a closet? Maybe the terrorists will still get you there."

She courageously held her ground. "Sir," she said, "I am not afraid. I'm saying I don't think it will work."

Turner said that the world was full of "doubting Thomases," and suggested that she should "vote for Reagan."

Later I overheard an elderly lady, a member of a Boulder World Citizens group, saying that Ted Turner hadn't minced any words, especially when this "right-wing" lady had challenged him from the floor. Actually, I think the World Citizens were a little bit disconcerted by Turner, who in fact apologized a few minutes later for his outburst.

My impression is that Turner has his head down and he's running full tilt in the direction of a brick wall. He'll find out the hard way.

After the session I asked Turner if he had indeed lost money on the Goodwill Games, described as a "quadrennial multisport international competition, held first in Moscow and to be held again in 1990 in Seattle."

He said that he had lost $26 million, candidly adding that "I didn't plan to. I planned to make a killing." Later he spotted me again as he was walking toward his car with Howard Higman. "Hey," he called out to me, "there's nothing wrong with making money off the Commies."

I asked him if he knew Armand Hammer.

"Oh, he's great."

Donald Kendall of Pepsi-Cola?

Another great, apparently.

Howard Higman is a steaming volcano of a man, wall-eyed and larger than life, forever grappling and caressing and making body contact with his interlocutor. The conference reflects his prejudices and idiosyncrasies and for that reason is more interesting than most conferences. Higman is an American original, and the conference is his monument. Every year it has a jazz component to it; a Buckminster Fuller component, a British-journalist component (Higman's father came from England and walked across the continent to Boulder, I believe at about the turn of the century); and an obsessive domestic-intelligence component, Higman himself apparently having been suspected of Communist sympathies in the fifties by J. Edgar Hoover, who (Higman believes) tried

Are Two Different Visions Tearing Our World Apart?

Thomas Sowell is at it again.

Over the last two decades he has taken on and demolished a mountain of myths in one area after another. Now he's turned in another blockbuster that breaks new ground with an originality of perspective and a boldness of style that will make everyone, left and right alike, sit up and take notice.

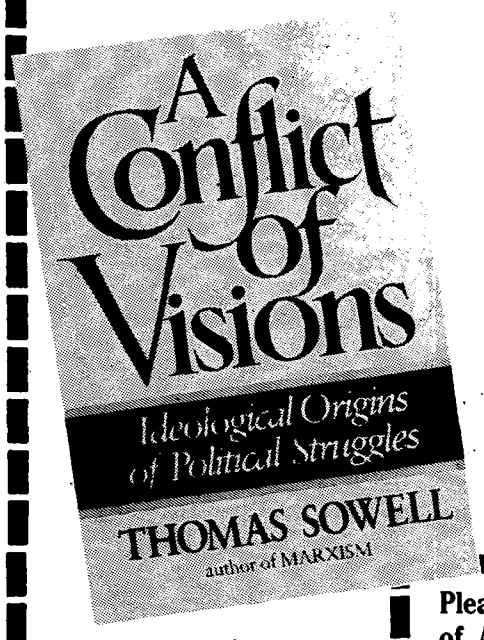
It's a book that will be hotly debated, examined, contested and turned inside-out. Because this time Sowell looks at political conflicts as they have raged for generations, and he has uncovered the remarkable fact that these conflicts have been dominated by two opposing visions that reflect radically different assumptions about the nature of man! On virtually every issue they line up on opposite sides, no matter how unrelated the issues. ***The very meaning of such words as "freedom," "equality," "rights" and "power" differs drastically from one vision to the next.***

So different are these two visions that often people from one camp cannot even understand what those from another are talking about. But that hasn't stopped them from threatening to tear apart societies and egging on the world to potential disaster.

Why? Because as Thomas Sowell points out, visions are powerful things. They underlie our ideologies and our political positions, and they may motivate us more than money, power or fame. People will kill for them and die for them. Indeed, *"We will do almost anything for our visions except think about them."*

The purpose of this book is to help us think about them.

- ***Why do concepts like "freedom," "equality," "rights," and "power" have such different meanings to different people?***
- ***Can these differences ever be resolved?***
- ***Why are failed visions in the natural sciences so much easier to abandon than in the social sciences?***
- ***What makes some people undergo radical conversions?***
- ***How does evidence influence vision?***
- ***Are visions stronger than self-interest?***
- ***How do those with one vision regard those with another?***



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to "set him up" at one point.

I knew that I had been invited to the conference as part of an "outreach" effort to invite conservatives. In 1987 Andrew Neil, the editor of the *London Sunday Times*, had told the conference in plenary session that "every April, in the town of Boulder, a lost tribe gathers . . . the lost tribe of the 1960s." It is composed, he added, "of left-liberal activists who were brought up to believe they would inherit the Earth." In fact, said Neil, "we are witnessing the end of the postwar collectivist era."

Two people at the conference told me that they had in general found it difficult to attract conservatives because "they ask for money." (No one is paid for attending the conference, however exalted.)

One day I asked Higman if this were true.

"Crap!" he roared, aiming a karate chop at my stomach. "Conservatives don't come because they are afraid to come. They don't have anything to say!"

He told me how the World Affairs Conference began. He had met at the university a man called Louis Dolivet, "a French Communist more or less," then the editor of the *United Nations World* magazine. Most impressed by this Dolivet, Higman had tried to get him to speak on campus. The mercenary fellow asked for $500—real money then. The money was somehow squeezed out of the university and a fake conference organized around the planned speech. Then the fickle Dolivet cancelled at the last minute. Program planned, Higman called Alger Hiss at the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace to see if he could substitute. Hiss couldn't, but he gave Higman the name of James P. Warburg, whose father was "cum laude of the international Wall Street bankers," Higman said.

Warburg came and delivered his speech, "Halt: About Face," to a packed, excited auditorium. This was in 1948 and many students tried to get him to run for President, especially the Young Socialists and the Young Communists. "All week he spent marching around like a guru, with crowds of students sitting in the sun on rocks, on stairs—just an electrified place," Higman has said. "I fell madly in love with Warburg."

Elsewhere Higman has recalled why the auditorium was packed that day. "We had a tradition in those days of having students assemble in Macky [Auditorium] once a month, on a Monday at eleven, for convocation. It grew out of the ancient tradition of having chapel. American universities were originally Christian seminaries. So Macky was filled up automatically."

When I spoke to Higman he recalled that Warburg's speech, forty years earlier, had been "essentially the same speech that Ted Turner gave yesterday."

And now, as Andrew Neil said, we are coming to the end of the postwar collectivist era—the era of NATO, the U.N., the World Bank, and UNESCO. One morning I went to a plenary session at Macky, the speaker being Craig Barnes, an attorney who has been involved (his bio says) "in intensive negotiations with Soviet scientists to develop the first joint Soviet-American work on social and political thinking." His talk was entitled, "Beyond War."

From Barnes, as from many other speakers, we heard about the tremendous global crisis we are allegedly experiencing—a crisis of Communism *as well as* a crisis of capitalism, of the ozone layer, and so on. I believe that the unspoken theme of the conference was a final admission by the collectivists that "socialism doesn't work," as Jed Duvall bluntly put it at one point. This admission was tactfully disguised as the more general complaint that, nowadays, *nothing* works.

Maybe, but try telling that to the students partying on the terrace. □

The Circus of Politics

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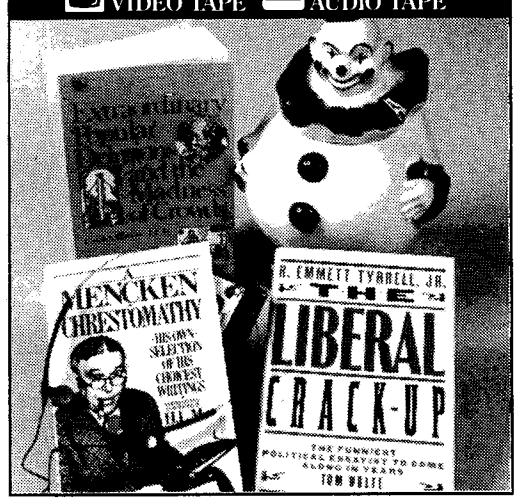

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Paul A. Gigot

THE JACKSON PACKAGE

Jesse has moved from black capitalism to the loony left—and so go the Democrats!

Ideologically, the campaign soon assumed a left-social democratic tone, and at later instances, even became forthrightly anti-imperialist and anti-corporate in content. The "egocentric" proponent of Black Capitalism, in short, became one of the most left-wing national spokespersons of a national presidential campaign since the time of Eugene V. Debs.

—From "Jackson and the Rise of the Rainbow Coalition," in a 1985 issue of the *New Left Review.*

A staple of 1988 political wisdom is that the Rev. Jesse Jackson has moderated his views. Clark Clifford, a Democratic party elder, emerged from a March breakfast with Jackson to say he detected a "new maturity." Jackson adviser Ann Lewis keeps telling TV audiences he's just "a presidential candidate like any other." And Jackson himself has avoided any repeat campaign swings through Havana or Managua.

So is there really a new Jesse? Certainly not if he's being judged by the details of his policy agenda. Jackson continues, on the stump, to stress his conservative themes of opposition to drugs and support for individual dignity. He has struck a chord as a symbol of black progress and for his appeals on behalf of society's have-nots. But take a look at the essence of his program—especially at his economic and foreign policies—and Jackson looks more like a candidate of the British Labour party than a traditional American Democrat. His views reflect a far, even radical, left tradition that American voters have consistently repudiated, extending back through George McGovern, Henry Wallace, the Wobblies, and, yes, even Eugene Debs. American journalists like to call his themes "populist," but it's doubtful most of his admirers on the stump in Sheboygan or Brooklyn know what's really behind the passion and the rhyme. They're supporting a man who's become an authentic class warrior.

On defense policy, one Jackson position paper leads off with this note of cool reason: "The time has come where we either freeze nuclear weapons or burn the people and freeze the planet. It's just that simple." It's so simple, in fact, that the U.S. ought to make unilateral concessions: "We must suspend deployment of new nuclear weapons—and challenge the Soviets to do the same." While the Soviets are deciding, Jackson recommends that we dispense with every important new U.S. weapons system. Jackson would cancel the MX and Midgetman missiles, the Stealth bomber, as well as the D-5 missile for Trident submarines. Jackson claims this isn't unilateral disarmament, but how else to interpret proposals that would degrade all three legs of our nuclear-defense triad?

Perhaps Jackson, like Michael Dukakis, simply thinks it's wiser to invest in conventional weapons than in nukes? No such luck. He also opposes refurbishing the F-15 fighter, and he'd even cancel cruise missiles, which, when conventionally armed, could defend Europe and U.S. interests without going nuclear. Jackson never once says what U.S. weapons he does like. But then again, he says America's problem is that "we have guided missiles, but unguided minds."

Like many on the left, Jackson wants to spend less on defense so he can spend more on domestic programs. So he proposes a five-year defense spending freeze that would gradually slash billions from the budget. But his figures don't always add up. "If we reduce our aircraft carrier task forces to the twelve that every president before Reagan found sufficient, we could save over $50 billion in the next five years," he says. According to a Democratic aide on the House Armed Services Committee, that's nonsense. Current plans call for adding two carriers to our present force of fourteen; for each carrier not built, the aide says, a savings of $3.5 billion is more like it. Even including escort ships and airplanes—which wouldn't be purchased in five years anyway—the total savings from two task forces would be less than $20 billion. In any case, even Jimmy Carter wanted more than twelve carriers.

In foreign policy, the Jackson program goes beyond "blame America first" to blame America only. By aiding the contras, says one position paper, "we do not confront communism, we affront the 400 million people of Latin America, for we represent hegemony not self-determination." Sandinista hegemony doesn't rate a mention, but the U.S. effort to "militarize Costa Rica"—which is news to me—is deplored. He also deplores "American aid for waging war in El Salvador and Guatemala against their own people," which can only mean that he doesn't mind if Communist rebels topple the democratic governments in either country.

Jackson doesn't say much about the Soviet Union, except to imply that it isn't much of a threat. "The U.S. has a weapons policy, not a security policy . . . based on a Cold War view of the world," he says. He naturally places great faith in arms talks, even endorsing a long-time Soviet proposal for "nuclear and chemical weapons-free zones" in Europe.

Clearly, Jackson doesn't want the U.S. to be a global power, much less to act like one. But a more disturbing question is whether he even believes in

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the Western values that have animated America's global role. "The 130 countries of the Third World have different histories, cultures, and economic conditions," says his platform. "They necessarily will have different social and political experiments. They have the right to choose their own destiny—to find their own ways to cope with poverty, illiteracy, and political representation. We must respect that right, confident that democracy and freedom are spreading in the world." In Jackson's worldview, in short, "self-determination" rates a higher priority than democracy or freedom.

Nonetheless, even self-determination sometimes has to take a back seat to Jackson's sense of moral outrage. Make that selective moral outrage. His platform routinely deplores U.S. "intervention" in the Third World, for example, but it's all too happy to endorse U.S. action when the cause is a left-wing favorite. Jackson would end all U.S. support for the UNITA rebels fighting Cuban troops in Angola, but he endorses U.S. military aid to "the Frontline states" on South Africa's border. His platform calls South Africa "the Fourth Reich," but it has nothing at all to say about the Soviets in Afghanistan or General Jaruzelski's Poland.

Jackson saves his indignation for the West, especially for capitalism. He hates it. "Multinational banks and corporations have forged a new global order which has replaced unionized labor at home with slave labor abroad," he says. Jackson claims to dislike protectionism. But what he supports is worse—government influence over private investment that would amount to control over world capital flows. "We must fight back against runaway corporations," he says, proposing a vague "code of conduct" aimed at preventing U.S. multinationals from investing overseas. Jackson would even prevent the "Third World elite" from investing their money in "First World" banks, a perfect way to ensure a huge new investment black market.

It's clear Jackson doesn't understand that global capitalism makes everybody richer. He claims, for example, that "the playing field should be evened so that companies like General Motors find it difficult to close eleven factories in one week in the U.S., costing 30,000 American jobs, and open up two new plants in South Korea." But a GM spokesman says, "We have no idea what he's talking about." The company did announce, in November 1986, that it would close eleven plants by 1990, but four of those plants remain open today. GM doesn't have any plants in Korea, he says—though it owns part of Korea's Daewoo Corp.—and since 1979 it has invested more than $43 billion in its U.S. plants to become more competitive.

As for "slave" labor abroad, Jackson appears to mean South Korea, though the Koreans must be puzzled, since the per capita gross national product climbed from $142 in 1967 to $2,850 in 1987. Koreans also have the right to join labor unions and to strike (though the government has often intervened on behalf of management), and they just voted for a new president. Perhaps Jackson really means North Korea.

In place of Western capitalism, Jackson proposes a scheme for the international redistribution of wealth. He endorses Third World debt write-offs—no specific plan, just about *any* will *do*, he says. He also calls for a Third World Marshall Plan—presumably to be paid for by Western taxpayers.

To complement socialism abroad, Jackson would impose more of it

A platform in search of a candidate

Many a political pundit has noted that people generally vote their pocketbooks. They tend to elect the candidates they believe capable of steering the nation toward better times—more jobs, a higher standard of living, and the achievement of both personal aspirations and national goals.

Now, in the midst of the presidential campaign, we're listing some points that are often overlooked in all the speechmaking, but bear directly on America's economic health—a platform in search of a candidate, so to speak. In a nonpartisan spirit, and with profound respect, we urge that the next President:

● Make it his top priority to bring the budget deficit under control. The deficit poses a clear and present danger to every living American, and to future generations who will have to pay today's staggering debt. The budget deficit is inexorably linked to the trade deficit. The latter offers clear evidence that America is simply using more goods and services than it produces, importing the difference, and borrowing to pay the bill.

Much of the borrowed money comes from abroad. This requires high real-interest rates in the U.S. to keep attracting foreign funds. As a result, foreign companies often can raise capital in their own countries at cheaper rates than their U.S. counterparts, and use the money for the new plant and equipment that translates into greater productivity. So American industry is placed at a competitive disadvantage in world markets, and fewer jobs for Americans are created.

High U.S. interest rates also mean high mortgage rates, making it more difficult for Americans to afford the homes they want, with enough left over for other necessities such as the education of their children and adequate medical care.

A prime way to narrow the deficit is to curb government spending. Between 1974 and 1987, government outlays rose from 19 percent of GNP to almost 23 percent. A cap on government spending as a percentage of GNP should be enacted to roll back this gradual rise, or at the very least keep it from climbing more.

● Raise levies on consumption—the money people spend—rather than from taxes on money earned, if the need for new revenues proves absolutely inescapable. Such a tax could be written to ease the burden on those least able to pay. Furthermore, it wouldn't penalize American business, which is precisely what higher income taxes do. A consumption tax would also tap into the vast underground economy, and make taxpayers out of those who now escape the income tax.

● Encourage increased productivity in the private sector. American productivity—output per hour—lagged badly in the 1970s and earlier in this decade. This country is still playing catch-up. In the final analysis, increased productivity is the key to a higher standard of living, and to achieving balance in the nation's trade statistics.

One way to boost productivity is through more research by the private sector. (Japan spends only slightly more of its GNP for R&D than does the U.S., but, unlike Japan, much of America's R&D spending reflects its commitment to a strong defense.) The existing tax credit for R&D is scheduled to expire at the end of 1988. It should be extended. We also favor the current proposal to permit the allocation of at least 67 percent of a U.S. company's research expenses to domestic income, for purposes of the foreign tax credit.

● Take a zero-based look at all existing regulations, including environmental regulation. Some regulation is necessary, but it should also be cost-effective. In the '60s, regulatory zeal cost the nation millions of dollars that could have gone into plant and equipment, but didn't. Industry simply can't afford needless expense that brings minimal benefits, because such outlays act as a brake on productivity and make it more difficult to compete internationally. An Economic Impact Statement should be required before any regulations are enacted. Such a statement should include an examination of international competitiveness.

● Shun protectionism. Nothing would stifle the economy—and turn "better times" into a mockery—faster than trade barriers and global economic warfare. There must be recognition of the fact that America's economy is part of a vast, interdependent global system. At the same time, we should insist on fair trade—reciprocity—among all trading partners. The current GATT negotiations offer the best vehicle for meeting these goals.

Unfortunately, when a candidate mentions the word economics, eyes sometimes glaze over and a fearful epidemic of yawns may erupt. But "better times" is an acceptable euphemism—and the platform we suggest will surely help bring them about.

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at home. His philosophy is summed up in his hallmark catch-phrase "economic violence." Jackson takes a laudable populist defense of laid-off workers and the poor and turns it into an attack on the entire free-market system. America has, he says, "a casino economy whose industry and agriculture have been weakened by eight years of mismanagement, speculation, and corporate greed."

Jackson is no petty-bourgeois reformer, either. "The problem," he says, "is that the structure doesn't work." So his first order of business would be to raise taxes, restoring rates on "the rich" to 38.5 percent and corporate taxes to their level of the 1970s (close to 50 percent without deductions). He ignores, in other words, the entire debate of the last decade about economic incentives and the futility of using high tax rates to raise government revenue. He'd tax the rich simply because they're there.

Jackson also proposes a bit of creative socialism that he calls a National Investment Program. He'd have the government tap into 10 percent of the nation's public pension funds, providing federal guarantees to invest some $60 billion "to finance small business loans, low-income housing, neighborhood revitalization and infrastructure investment." That pension money—the retirement savings of millions of Americans—is currently invested in stocks and bonds, so at the very least the Jackson program would mean that much less money would be available for private investment. More troubling, though, is what would happen when these "public"—i.e., political and bureaucratic—investments inevitably went sour. Taxpayers would have to foot the bill for the mistakes of Jackson's social engineers.

With all that new tax revenue, Jackson would also send the government on a spending spree worthy of the 1960s. His position on nearly every social and economic issue is pure Great Society: regulate it, nationalize it, or at least throw money at it. He'd double the education budget (now at $20 billion), though he doesn't say anything about accountability or standards or discipline. He'd nationalize the health-care system, insisting that this would actually save money. How? "First," his platform says, "comprehensive care emphasizes prevention—which means fewer illnesses. Second, greater public oversight minimizes unnecessary operations and treatment." One is reminded of what Mao used to say about the virtue of his "barefoot doctors."

American journalists like to call Jesse's themes "populist," but it's doubtful most of his admirers on the stump in Sheboygan or Brooklyn know what's really behind the passion and the rhyme.

And, come to think of it, Jackson's farm proposal has echoes of Mao too. He endorses the Gephardt-Harkin Family Farm Act that even liberal economist Paul Krugman has called "remarkably irresponsible." The bill would impose production controls and licensing that would result in higher food prices for all Americans (so much for the poor) and fewer U.S. farm exports (so much for "economic nationalism"). Even Gorbachev is trying to get away from this kind of policy.

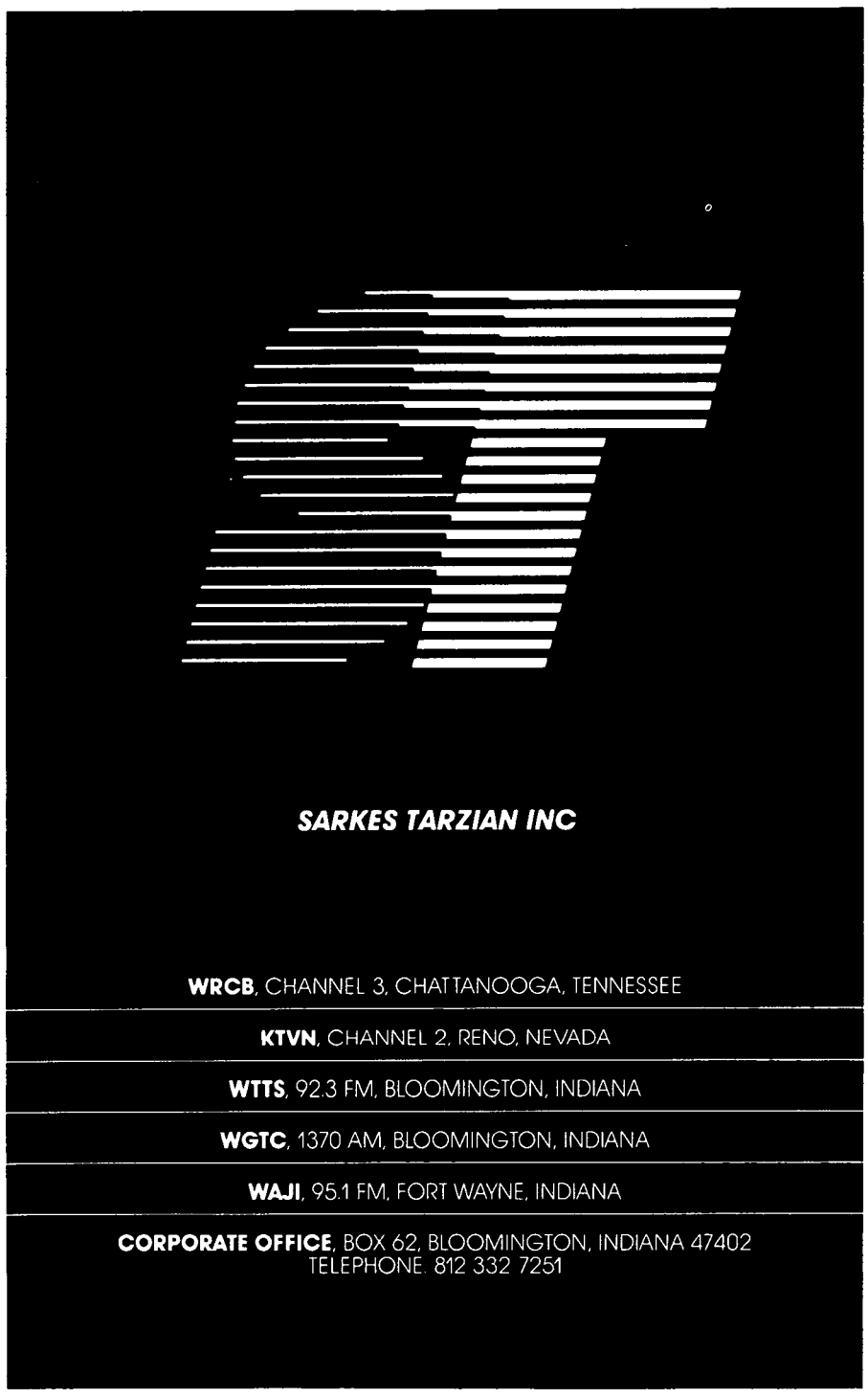
Gorbachev would approve, however, of Jackson's description of today's America. It reads like a *Pravda* caricature. According to Jackson, Americans are victimized by "merger maniacs," "corporate barracuda," and "chemical warfare" from greedy business polluters. So, he says, "industry should be made responsible for future clean-up costs as an incentive to stop polluting"—no sense waiting until a company inevitably breaks the law. Tax it before! He'd also support federal programs for recycling, mass-transit, "to transform how we produce power," to help the car makers "develop new engines," to rebuild and insulate homes to reduce energy consumption, and on and on. He of course believes in comparable worth and would impose a vast new regulatory regime for child care, gay rights—"We support the rights of lesbians and gay men to child custody"—and so forth.

Here's more from Jackson's Dickensian America: "Most women have fallen deeper into poverty and despair in the Reagan years." Not merely many but "most" women? "Poverty stalks the streets of America on a scale unknown in a generation." But real per capita disposable income climbed 12.4 percent from 1980 to 1987. ". . . 20 million [of the hungry] live in the world's most agriculturally abundant country—our own." He's only off by about 20 million. Virtually any poor American can qualify for food stamps, as 19.4 million Americans did in 1987. John Bode, the Department of Agriculture's assistant secretary of food and consumer services, says the 20 million figure probably came from a left-wing group known as the Physicians Task Force on Hunger in America. "The number's bogus," he says, "based on groundless assumptions."

On the stump, of course, Jackson tends to glide over many of these dire details and he sounds more optimistic about America, even uplifting. So it may be that his platform manifesto reflects the work of his advisers, who as everyone knows by now include Robert Borosage and others from the Institute for Policy Studies. Borosage and Roger Wilkins, another IPS sage, play especially prominent roles in the Jackson campaign, writing speeches and often joining him on the stump. Their proposals for radical statism have become the fine-print of Jackson's stirring populism.

This is a tragedy, because, as the quote from the *New Left Review* that began this article points out, Jesse Jackson hasn't always had a left-wing agenda. A decade ago he was the eloquent proponent of black responsibility and dignity ("down with dope, up with hope"), even of "black capitalism." And today it's still hard to believe that the teenagers and factory workers he excites in campaign appearances have anything in common with the alienated intellectuals from IPS.

Perhaps only Jackson himself can explain why he has moved so sharply to the left, though one possibility is that, ever the astute politician, he understands that the left is where he could make his biggest impact on a leftward-moving Democratic party. It's also possible that he has even come to believe this stuff. Whatever the truth, the likelihood is that Jackson's charisma and ability will cause many Americans to believe in his left-wing program. And of course he is already helping to move the Democratic party further from the political center. The hard left, so long in the political wilderness, has found a formidable new champion. □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Micah Morrison

LOSING THE WEST BANK WAR

As war embroils Gaza and the West Bank, Israelis rally to a grim consensus on national security and PLO intentions.

On several important fronts, Israel has lost the West Bank War. The losses, and the continuing battles, are absorbing the attention of Israel's many friends and many enemies, as well they should: a new phase has begun.

The fighting is a different kind of conflict for the citizen-soldiers of Israel, one to which they are particularly ill-suited. The Palestinians in the territories are not "the enemy" in the unambiguous way Arab soldiers across the borders of the small nation are the enemy; there is no well-defined order of battle for Jerusalem's troops in this fight, no clear concept of battlefield victory. Twenty years of relatively benign occupation bred an intimacy of ruler and ruled now revealed in the contempt with which Palestinian kids with rocks face Israeli kids with rifles. The rifles win. At this point, the rifles cannot afford to lose. In the cold logic of rifle and rock, of ruler and ruled, the fighting can go on for many more months, even years. An earlier Jewish-Arab war, in the distant world of British-ruled Palestine, sputtered murderously from 1936 to 1939.

In a narrow military sense, the territories will be "contained"—that part of the war Israel will not lose. On other fronts, things have fallen apart and Jerusalem will soon have to begin picking up the pieces. The forces in the maelstrom of Mideast politics are shifting, but Israel will face the same old dilemma: resolving the necessity of providing a secure existence for the state with the desire to move forward in the search for peace.

The losses have made prospects for peace more remote, at least in the short term. Israel has lost the moral high ground in its battle for survival. It has lost the undivided support of the American Jewish community. It has lost the sympathy of some in Congress and the general public. It has lost influence with the always-weak moderate and pro-Jordan Palestinians in the territories and with Arab governments inclined to take a less belligerent approach to the Jews. The erosion of its qualitative military superiority has accelerated. And it is losing, bit by bit, the fragile skein of diplomatic agreements draped with great effort around Arab-Israeli relations.

The *intifadah*, the "uprising," as it is known in Arabic, began in early December, in Gaza. Political unrest has a peculiar chemistry, and students of this episode will cite a confluence of events in November and early December as contributing to the explosion. There was the extraordinary sight of an Arab summit meeting relegating the Palestinian issue to the bottom of its list of priorities. Traditional days of November protest, marking the Balfour Declaration, the U.N. partition resolution, the founding of Yasser Arafat's Al Fatah (the dominant group in the PLO), and Sadat's visit to Jerusalem all stirred Palestinian feelings, as did an Israeli decision to deport one of the leaders of the fundamentalist Islamic Jihad in Gaza. News of a bold terrorist attack by hang-glider on a military base in northern Israel swept through the crowded refugee camps of Gaza, raising passions and pride: the latest in a series of demonstrations that the Israeli army was not invincible. In early December, an Israeli salesman was murdered. An element of Fatah, "Force 17," took credit. Two days later, four Gaza residents were killed in a truck accident. Rumors spread that it was a deliberate Israeli reprisal for the death of the salesman. The rioting began. From Gaza, the turmoil caught hold in the West Bank.

The initial Israeli response was to shrug it off. Nothing unusual. It would pass in a few days, a few weeks, next month. Day by day the Palestinian death toll mounted. The old methods of quelling disturbances were not working. On December 21, some of Israel's 700,000 Arab citizens mounted protests to express solidarity with Palestinians in the territories, a move that sent shock waves through the Israeli public.

International criticism of Israel's handling of the uprising grew louder, and many American Jews prominent in public affairs and the media joined the condemnations. Sensitive to the slow, daily climb of deaths and stung by world rebukes, Israel's blunt-speaking defense minister, Yitzhak Rabin, announced that a new policy of "force and beatings" would replace the use of live ammunition in responding to clashes with the protesters. In theory, the new policy made sense: better to send a kid to the hospital with a broken hand than send him to the grave. In practice, however, the policy was a disaster. The media had blanketed the area and were sending out dramatic footage of well-armed Israeli soldiers beating unarmed Palestinians. International criticism grew to a storm. Many of Israel's friends in the U.S., Jews and non-Jews, viewed the new policy as brutally unfair. In private, Israeli soldiers were expressing deep resentment at the new policy. They saw themselves as professional fighters thrust into the unwelcome role of policemen; some found themselves incapable of striking a woman or a child; others were caught in a bind of absolute loyalty to the army and adamant opposition to retaining the disputed territories.

In Palestinian eyes, the uprising was an astounding success. The world was watching them and condemning Israel. They had captured the moral high ground. No amount of patient explication by Israel's supporters of Palestin-

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ian rejectionism and terrorism, of the deep historical roots of the problem, of Arab hostility and geo-strategic realities seemed capable of overwhelming the powerful impact of nightly clips showing Israelis clubbing Palestinians and firing at groups of cocky stone-throwers called, simply, "the guys"—in Arabic, the *shabab.*

The *shabab* are the new generation of Palestinians. They grew up under Israeli rule and have little or no real memory—and thus little or no real fear—of the awesome military force that rolled back the combined might of the Arab world in 1967. The reality of the *shabab* has been the endless talk of Israel's Jewish and democratic culture, the exposure to and denial of those democratic rights, and the endless talk of Arab leaders, including the PLO, about how any day now they were going to "liberate Palestine." As the *shabab* came of age they saw the expansion of Jewish settlement in the territories; the complete power of the Israeli authorities over their lives; Egypt's separate peace with Jerusalem—to Palestinians, a bitter betrayal; a war in Lebanon that divided Jews; the expulsion of the PLO from Beirut and years of violent feuding in that organization; successful Arab attacks against Israeli troops in southern Lebanon; and the rise of the fundamentalist impulse in both Jewish and Islamic contexts. Apparently, the idea that action would have to come from "inside" was all the time gaining strength with the younger generation. Vigorous organizing efforts had brought them into a variety of groups quietly linked to various PLO, Communist, and Islamic factions. One of the largest of the groups was the al-Shabiba youth outfit, ostensibly created for the purposes of charitable works. According to most reports from the region, these organizations played key roles in laying the foundation for the *intifadah.*

Palestinians have never been unified, but divisions increased in the eighties, with several PLO factions in outright rebellion against Arafat and others keeping their distance from him. In the territories, some support for Fatah broke away, drifting to Marxist terror factions on the left and Islamic fundamentalists on the right. Indeed, the fundamentalist factions are the new wild cards in the array of anti-Israel forces. Most of their strength is thought to be in Gaza, more traditional than many parts of the West Bank and more closely tied to Egypt and its centers of Islamic learning. The Islamic Jihad group is thought by many analysts to have been especially active in fomenting the uprising. Jihad, as the name implies, calls for immediate "holy war" against Israel; journalists in the area report that pamphlets seized in January were full of viciously anti-Semitic statements deriding the Jews as "apes" and calling the elimination of Israel "a Koranic inevitability." In a chilling analysis, Pinhas Inbari, a commentator for the left-leaning Israeli newspaper *al-Hamishmar,* writes that cooperation in the territories between pro-Arafat *shabab,* supporters of radical factions to the left of Arafat, and supporters of the radical-right Islamic Jihad "is exactly the format of the Syria-Libya-Iran coalition." This emerging coalition, Inbari notes, "aims to entrench Iran and Syria firmly in the territories."

The PLO has been playing catch-up, with some success, since the *shabab* and fundamentalist activists sparked the uprising. Within weeks, if not days, underground networks were activated, and detailed instructions on everything from shop closings to the use of firearms began to flow from radio stations beyond Israel's borders. Pamphlets appeared on the streets, signed by "The United National Command of the Uprising." Although there is much speculation about the make-up of the command, scant evidence has surfaced. And while massive arrests and limited expulsions have taken a toll on the uprising, Israel's internal security service, the Shin Bet, apparently has had little success in capturing the leaders of the turmoil—if indeed there are any key commanders. Most of the speculation centers around a twelve- or fifteen-member group representing the prominent powers: Arafat's Fatah; George Habash's Popular Front, further to the left of Arafat; the anti-Arafat groups divorced from the PLO; the Communists; and the religious. But such a group sounds like a fractious and unwieldy beast, and thus an easy target for the Shin Bet. The "National Command" may turn out to be either a fiction, with power much more decentralized, in town and regional groupings; or a front, established to draw attention away from a much smaller leadership unit.

In the cold logic of rifle and rock, of ruler and ruled, the fighting can go on for many more months, even years.

Below the leadership is a wider body of political activists and former prisoners. "It is from this group," writes Tzvi Gilat in the Tel Aviv daily *Hadashot,* "that the shadow people emerge, those who make things happen, who pull the strings, who motivate forces, who direct the street, who pass the riots from one camp to another." Gilat and others describe the current power structure as a kind of pyramid. At the base of the pyramid are "the people." Above them are the activists and former prisoners—the street lieutenants. Above the lieutenants are the new leaders, the as yet unidentified Palestinians calling the shots from inside the territories and coordinating with the external factions. "At the top are the spokesmen," writes Gilat, "the famous personalities, those who are exposed to the media. Today, more than ever before, the top of the pyramid must be sensitive to the power and desires of the base, otherwise they will begin to totter."

The most famous personality of them all is Chairman Arafat. The uprising has brought pluses and minuses for him. The Palestinians are once again spotlit on the world stage, but Arafat is in an uneasy alliance with the fundamentalists, who distrust his secularism, and the far left radicals who view him as a capitulationist. The youth of the territories are tired of his promises, yet still look to him as a symbol of Palestinian aspirations. The Syrian-led "rejectionists" within and outside the PLO will attempt to prevent him from joining any negotiating process, although he himself has shown little real interest in negotiating, unless one is referring to negotiating the demise of the Jewish state. While the violence continues and international criticism of Israel persists, Arafat may be content to continue his classic course of just holding the PLO together. The danger of this tactic, for Arafat, is that he may be unseated by a more radical Syrian-led coalition, or by a new internal Palestinian leadership emerging from the uprising, or by some combination of the two. Arafat has faced (and eliminated) potential challenges from the territories before, but never one with the power of the *shabab.*

Israel's divisions over the territories continue to be imperfectly reflected by its "national unity" coalition government. The left-leaning Labor half of the government, led by Foreign Minister Shimon Peres, presses for some sort of international conference as a prelude to direct negotiations with Jordan and non-PLO Palestinians. The right-tending Likud half views the international conference as a trap and favors the Camp David route of direct negotiations with Jordan. The Likud is widely believed to be ideologically bent on retaining the territories as part of the Biblical Greater Israel. These positions have been shaken by the uprising, although no widespread change in attitudes is yet apparent. The mood has shifted somewhat to the right, as Israeli resolve stiffens to support soldiers in the field. At the same time, it is clear to all Israelis that the cost of the occupation has risen dramatically. Labor and Likud leaders, army brass, the Jewish settlers in the territories, the average citizen—all have been forced to look again, to re-evaluate, to think about what may come next and what can be done. National elections,

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scheduled for November, will be the first solid indication of Israeli attitudes toward the uprising and future courses of action.

Israel still sees the problem as one of having nobody to deal with: public-opinion polls continue to show overwhelming rejection of the PLO—quite a sensible position, since the PLO is still calling for and working toward the destruction of the state. Many of the Israelis who in the past spoke in favor of mutual simultaneous recognition between the PLO and Jerusalem appear to have been shocked into silence by the sheer vehemence of the Palestinians. When Secretary of State George Shultz came through the region with his carefully blended plan of an international conference, Camp David-style autonomy talks, and negotiations on the final status of the territories, Arafat refused to allow Palestinians to meet with him and blasted the plan over Baghdad's Voice of the PLO radio as "a new form of slavery on our people. . . ." The uprising will continue, the Chairman said, "one phase after another and through distinguished qualitative leaps until the hateful Zionist occupation is ended." The reference to "phases" was not lost on Palestinians or Israelis: it refers to the PLO strategy of a phased victory, the first phase being the takeover of the West Bank and Gaza, the next phase being the rest of Israel. Arafat's radio stations, not to mention those of more radical PLO elements, make no mention of living in peace with Israel. The airwaves are full of the worst sort of hateful invective and ceaselessly urge residents of the territories to "valiant revolution," "genuine holy war," and "the higher objective of seeing Palestine liberated and of seeing Jerusalem, the capital of our free and independent state, liberated."[1]

But Israelis do not have to listen to Radio PLO to gauge Palestinian attitudes. The kids on the street are sending the message loud and clear: Jews out. Out not only from the West Bank and Gaza, but out of Jerusalem, out of Haifa, out of Tel Aviv, out of "Palestine." In a recent article for the *New York Times Magazine*, writer Ze'ev Chafets relates the story of a left-wing Israeli activist who went to a demonstration of *Israeli* Arabs in Jaffa and was shocked to hear them chanting *in baladna, yahud kalabna*—"this is our country, and the Jews are our dogs."

[1]These from a March 9 broadcast from Baghdad. Noteworthy also in the broadcasts are the sharp increase in the use of Koranic verses and the apparent elimination of the PLO's long-established practice of referring to a "democratic, *secular* state" in Palestine—two indications of Arafat's growing problem with the fundamentalists.

Meanwhile, back in the jungle of American Jewish affairs, support for Israel was coming apart at the seams. The troubling television images had something to do with it, of course, but the fact is that Jewish America has been parting company with Israel for quite some time. Menachem Begin's brash policies, Jewish settlement in the territories, the war in Lebanon, the Pollard spy affair: all tarnished the image American Jews hold of Israel, a country the majority of them have never set foot in.

As Americans grew more and more disturbed by the nightly reports, a number of liberal and left-wing Jewish intellectuals and organizations began to hammer Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir, calling for, among other things, implementation of the Peres-inspired international conference, territorial compromise, and recognition of the PLO. The U.S. media, in turn, gave wide play to dissent in the Jewish camp. The PLO was slow to pick up on the useful role played by the media. As late as January, Baghdad radio was following its usual practice and calling for "silencing . . . all the drunken pens who are hindering the uprising of our sons." But that would soon change.

Political unrest has peculiar chemistry, and students of the *intifadah* will cite a confluence of events in November and early December as contributing to the explosion.

One particular pen, that of Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times*, led the Jewish charge against Jerusalem. In an unending stream of columns, Lewis, loudly declaring that he was "devoted" to Israel and its "best friend," repeatedly called for pressure on the Shamir government and put the best possible face on Arafat and his bloody henchmen. "True friends," Lewis intoned in February, should not "remain silent." And silent he did not remain. He even left the confines of his Boston garret to fly to Tunis and meet with Arafat. Once again the PLO chief refused to give clear-cut recognition of Israel's right to exist, hemming all reference to U.N. Resolution 242 with ambiguous and evasive remarks, as Lewis glumly noted in his March 13 column. Two weeks later, however, Lewis was putting ambiguities aside and saying that Arafat "reiterated recently that he accepts Resolution 242, with its call for Israeli withdrawal from occupied territory to 'secure and recognized' borders."

A view of PLO attitudes toward the now-useful media (and toward Israel) emerges from Baghdad radio during the week of Lewis's chat with the benign Uncle Yasser. In a lengthy statement by the Fatah central committee attacking "U.S. imperialism" and the Shultz plan, it took a moment to offer the sort of praise that should give pause to journalists. The central committee hailed "the brave position of all forms of international media, which made a great effort to portray a true picture of the Zionist entity's fascist and Nazi practices and to acquaint world public opinion with the real situation without any lies or tricks. Through its credibility, the Western press has ended the myth of Zionist control of the world's media. Human conscience will never allow the new Nazism and fascism to spread their hegemony."

The Fatah broadcast also praised "the democratic Jewish forces" that "have caused a Jewish uprising against the Zionist entity's rulers. . . ." Jewish divisions were playing into the hands of the PLO. One example of the divisive Jewish debate in the U.S. came on the day after Lewis's report of his Tunis meeting appeared, the day when, not coincidentally, Prime Minister Shamir arrived in Washington to discuss the crisis. Rita Hauser, founder of the International Center for Peace in the Middle East, debated Morris Amitay, the former director of the powerful Israel lobby, the American-Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC), on "The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour." Hauser repeatedly slammed Prime Minister Shamir, saying he was "always in the wrong" and that "the central issue [blocking negotiations] remains the ideological commitment of the Likud bloc" to claiming all the land. Amitay replied that the central issue was that the majority of Arab nations refused to recognize Israel and remained committed to wiping it off the map. He then offered a remark which upset Hauser and pointed directly at the problem with American Jewry's argument over Israel. "I feel very strange," Amitay said, "as an American, living comfortably in the suburbs, giving advice to my Israeli friends who send their sons to the army, who are the victims of terrorist attacks, as to what decisions they should make in terms of territory. I don't think it's my province to do so." Hauser bridled, calling that notion "very much a false [sic] canard" and adding that "if all Jews the world over are united by the concept that we are one and that Israel is vital to us, we not only have a right to speak out in objection to the course Mr. Shamir has taken, we have a *duty*. . . ."

The Hauser/Amitay exchange indicates the problem for American Jews in the debate over Israeli security: Do American Jews, who claim a special affinity with Israel because of shared religious and cultural values, have the right to press Jerusalem into actions which may result in war and the death of Israelis? "When the going is good," wrote Israeli professor Shlomo Avineri during the Pollard spy affair in an article that ignited an earlier Jewish American freakout, "when being Jewish and supporting Israel go together

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with waving the American flag—who would be as stupid as not to wish to have the best of both worlds?" But when the going gets bad, American Jews are far from the killing fields.

The argument over Israeli policy raised many questions and left a lot of bad feelings, yet one thing is clear: it provided a political opening for criticism of Israel, and Congress, seeing that support was not solid, moved into the opening with a letter criticizing Prime Minister Shamir and suggesting he was an obstacle to peace. The letter, signed by thirty U.S. senators, supposedly was in response to a Shamir statement that "this expression 'territory for peace' is not accepted by me." American opinion-makers thrashed this into a frenzy of accusations that Israel was backing away from Resolution 242. According to a widely circulated story, what actually happened was that the letter was engineered by Tom Dine, the executive director of AIPAC, to pressure Shamir. Dine is close to Labor's Shimon Peres. Dine's office called the story "totally untrue." True or not, the senatorial letter, and the wide suspicion that AIPAC sided against the elected leader of Israel, indicate a weakening of U.S. support for Jerusalem.

Israel's losses are not irrecoverable. The troubles of recent months have produced shifts in the strengths and weaknesses of the players, while leaving the basic situation unchanged.

The biggest shift, and potentially the most significant, concerns the Palestinians in the territories. The generation of the *shabab* apparently have eclipsed their elders, and may eclipse the PLO. Although it is not solely the work of the younger generation, the Palestinians are showing increasing political sophistication. A major question from the *intifadah*: Who are the leaders? What degree of control comes from inside the territories and how centralized is it? What degree of control comes from PLO headquarters in Tunis, from Damascus, from the mosques of Tehran and Cairo? In short, will a strong leadership emerge from the uprising? Will they deal with Israel or seek to destroy it? Beyond the reach of the media, and possibly beyond the reach of the Shin Bet, a battle for the hearts and minds of the *shabab* is being waged. The outcome of that battle will shape the next stage of Israeli-Palestinian relations.

The Fatah central committee hailed "the brave position of all forms of international media, which made a great effort to portray a true picture of the Zionist entity's fascist and Nazi practices . . ."

The Syrians appear to have benefited most from the uprising. Damascus-tied PLO factions are broadcasting from southern Syria and are said to be picking up support in the territories. Syria's drive for strategic parity with Israel is well under way. The next war against Israel, most observers believe, will be led by the Syrians. As for Jordan, its influence in the territories has been blown out the door, and it will be a while before King Hussein starts looking for a way back in. The Egyptians, aided by George Shultz, have stopped mentioning Camp David—the one plan that worked. Ehud Ya'ari, Mideast correspondent for Israel TV, recently warned in a *Washington Post* article that Cairo, while "trying to be helpful" in the peace process, is also staging military maneuvers in the Sinai Peninsula that allow it to prepare "for the possibility of a future war with Israel." Further afield in the Arab world, each country is calculating how the uprising —that means the Palestinians—can best be put to use, and at the same time keeping an anxious eye on the vast carnage of the Iran-Iraq War.

Israeli leaders are watching all these developments, of course, and are preparing for the upcoming election. The continuing troubles, combined with an absence of credible Palestinian statements about living in peace with the Jewish state, is swinging the electorate to the right. The Likud is headed for a win in an angry race. In Israel's system, the Likud will probably not win an outright majority of sixty-one parliament seats, and will be in the position of needing to build a governing coalition by turning to parties on its right or back toward Labor for another "national unity" situation. Recent polls of the Likud show that 75 percent of the party favor a turn to Labor over entering into a coalition with rightist extremists such as Meir Kahane. But Western observers, especially the television media, often overstate the divisions and the power of the marginal wackos in Israeli society, neglecting the remarkable degree of cohesiveness on matters of national security. Left or right, the next government of Israel will not rush into a deal on the West Bank.

Beyond electoral politics, Israeli planners are looking at a strategic map in accelerating evolution. Military analysts will be calculating that additional tens of thousands of troops will be needed to clamp a lid on the territories if full-scale war breaks out. In a time of heightened tension, Ya'ari suggests, the Egyptians could move from cold peace to cold war, drawing away additional Israeli troops. The Saudis are buying new missiles. Iran and Iraq are trading chemical attacks. Syria presents major problems with both chemical capabilities and missiles. Those concerned with the fate of the region should recognize that everyone has moved a few steps closer to the brink of a major war.

But despair—or worse, apathy—is not in order. Solutions exist. Ways can be found to defuse the situation and allow Israelis and Palestinians to live with security and justice. By the end of 1988 there will be new governments in Washington and Jerusalem. The Palestinians in the territories will have had time to absorb their victory and experience Israeli intentions not to give ground in the face of violence; an internal Palestinian leadership could emerge and establish a relationship with the PLO acceptable to Israel and Jordan. A door might be swinging open.

A new report from the Brookings Institution, for example, mentions "confederal arrangements that would reflect distinctive national identities." A Palestinian intellectual writes of enclaves of "scattered sovereignty." Others speak of a constitutionally backed tripartite condominium with trapjaw demilitarized zones. Enormous obstacles remain, of course, and that's why the search must be sustained and serious, with the realization that Israel is fully able to hold out for decades if its security is not assured. Yet the moment should not be allowed to pass. A high-level, creative approach is needed for 1989.

One man had a suggestion. "He'll kill me for suggesting it," Richard Nixon told the *Washington Times* recently. "There's only one candidate for the job, and whether it's the Republicans or the Democrats in the White House next January, Henry Kissinger should be immediately drafted."

Peace does not rest with a single man, as Anwar Sadat often said. But Kissinger has the genius, the track record, the Mideast knowhow, and the grudging respect of all concerned parties.

Washington's power, however, is limited. Even the most severe U.S. pressure—a cut-off of all American aid—could not force Jerusalem to accept a hostile PLO state in the heart of the country, and it would be a monumental miscalculation to place too much weight on the "aid weapon." Jerusalem, for its part, should recognize that in U.S. circles talk of the aid weapon and widening contacts with the PLO has gained ground. So while the ancient feud between Arab and Jew continues, and a solution continues to prove elusive, the U.S.-Israeli alliance has been shaken as never before. Bad news for American alliances abroad, worse news for Jerusalem. For Israel, advance notice may have been served of a new and lonely stage in its struggle for security. □

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Benjamin J. Stein

LOVE STINKS

Today love means never having to say you're happy.

A usual evening sitting by the pool, wondering where those little brown spots come from. They seem to appear when acorns or twigs or something fall onto the light blue pool bottom. Then when the pool man comes, the spots go away again. "You're soaking in it," I was thinking when I heard the dogs yelping at the front door. My wife was at that little park in Beverly Hills near Coldwater and Beverly and the housekeeper won't answer the door anymore, so I went upstairs to check it out.

It was my pal Michael. He was steaming. I mean truly on fire. He also looked tired. He sort of looked like he had been crying even. Or maybe he had lost a friend. Mike is the kind of guy who works out for two hours a day and pushes people around and jams their gears at Warner Brothers for the rest of the day. He is forty years old and generally looks like he is a mixture of poured concrete and steel-eyed determination. Today, he looked like he had been run over by a multi-front end combination thresher and mower.

"Lemme tell you something, pal," he said. "You are lucky you're married. You're so incredibly lucky. So very damn lucky. That way you don't ever have to fall in love in the eighties."

Oh, God, I thought. It's starting. Love again. Oh God, talk to me about the Crash. Talk to me about Epstein-Barr virus. But don't talk to me about love.

"It's Dorothy again," Michael said. "You know Dorothy Destiny. That tall dark girl you met with me at Matteo's. The one with the little sassy haircut. The short, sassy girl's cut. Those blue eyes that look like they're made from sapphires. Great teeth, even if they are a little big. Nice legs, even though she is a little pigeon toed."

I cut him off. "I remember her well," I said. "She asked me if I could help her get a job."

"She asks everybody if he can get her a job. I took her out to Matteo's and we were sitting across from Denny Simpkins, the hottest producer at Warner Brothers, and he comes over to say hello, and all she can say afterwards is, 'Why don't you get me a date with him? He's so important, he could get me a really important job in Hollywood.' How do you think that made me feel? She's out on a date with me at Matteo's and she's asking me to fix her up with Denny Simpkins. How do you think that made me feel?"

"She sounds a little strange," I said.

"It's not that she's strange," he said. "I'm the one who's strange for putting up with it. We go out to La Scala and she gets totally blitzed on something called a 'Seabreeze' and she starts to tell me about all the other guys in her life that she's been in love with, and all the guys who 'send her into orbit,' and she doesn't even mention me."

"I'd seriously consider shooting her," I suggested.

"That's the problem," he said. "I know I should shoot her. She deserves shooting. Definitely. But there's something about her that's incredibly appealing. 'Cause sometimes when we're together she tells me she's madly in love with me, or anyway that she loves me, and that if I ever left L.A. she'd be heartbroken. And then she puts her head on my shoulder and sighs, and I feel like I'm going to live forever."

"I think I studied that in college psychology," I said. "It's called 'intermittent reinforcement.' It's like when they take rats and feed them a really rich diet, but only intermittently. It makes the rats crazy. They get totally addicted."

"That's it. Addicted to Dorothy Destiny. Benjy, I have five girls who follow me around and tell me they worship the ground I walk on and that I'm the greatest thing since sliced bread. They're great, and I love 'em, but Dorothy is the one I think about all the time. Dorothy's the one that I think about when I wake up at three in the morning. Dorothy's the one I'm trying to get a car for."

"You're buying that little demon a car?"

"Well, I'm actually just giving her the down payment, but that's still a few thousand bucks. I mean really. I want her to have a safe car."

"Why? Why do you want her to have a safe car?"

"I don't know. I really don't know. That's a good question. Listen, the whole thing is a good question. I feel like a stupid teenager going berserk about someone who's so nutty. But I can tell you this. It stinks. It hurts. I wish I were living in 'Ozzie and Harriet' where this kind of thing never happens. I wish a flying saucer would take Dorothy Destiny away to another planet so I could get on with dealing with people who have more sense. Some day soon I'm going to wake up and I won't even remember Dorothy Destiny. I mean, this has happened before, with a little real estate saleswoman, and a stewardess, and a college girl who was a Filipino-American, and a big tall girl from the Madeira School in Washington, D.C. →

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"You know something," he said, "every last one of them had blue eyes. There's something about girls with blue eyes that makes me insane. I think it's because they're insane. I've noticed that girls with blue eyes tend to be a lot nuttier than girls who don't have blue eyes. I notice also that if they have really pale skin, they tend to be even more whacked out than if they have darker skin. I notice these things . . . "

Michael went on in this way, talking about the things he noticed and remembered, and I thought about love in 1988. Here is what I thought: that every single man or woman I know who experiences love experiences it as incredibly painful. I'm talking "high end" love here, the kind of love that people remember, that goes into their history books, that makes them slightly crazy. I'm also talking about love that notoriously does not last. But I am definitely talking about love here. I'm talking about that feeling that's supposed to be great, that's supposed to make life worth living.

Guess what: In 1988 anyway, it's a myth. It's a lie. Love stinks.

I'm not just talking about Michael and his pals in Hollywood. I'm talking about everybody I know. I teach a class at Pepperdine, a magnificent university campus on a bluff overlooking the beach right above the Malibu Beach Colony. Last week, I showed the students *The Graduate*. It's a story about sadness and desperation around love. When the movie was over, I asked the kids, "How many of you have ever been in love and been sad about it?"

Every one of the forty students in the class raised a hand. One of the smartest boys asked, "In love and feeling sad? What's the difference?"

Another friend, a brilliant social scientist in Washington, D.C., told me that she had recently been in love with a revolutionary/lobbyist who had broken her heart. "Dante had it totally wrong," she explained to me over the telephone. "The lowest circle in hell is the circle of being in love. Maybe he knew that. Maybe that's what Beatrice is all about."

And then there is my friend who has two boys who are complete punkers, shaved heads, safety pins through their ears, leather jackets and engineer boots and tattoos. "You know what they tell me?" Mom asked. "That they'd rather stick needles in their arms and rather fight with hammers than fall in love. Love hurts more. If you ask me, the whole punk movement is about love and trying to escape from the way it wounds people."

Day by day, or so it seems, I take an inventory of which of my friends is in intensive care because of love. Today, as I write this, there is Jerry, who loves a girl who openly tells him that she wants to have another man's baby. She also often gets so drunk that she passes out at restaurants, just after calling Jerry by the name of the other guy.

Michael is forty years old and generally looks like a mixture of poured concrete and steel-eyed determination. Today, he looked like he had been run over by a multi-front end combination thresher and mower.

Then there's Staci. She used to go out with a man who worshipped the ground she walked on, who would have walked over ground-up Porsche gears barefoot to get her an Evian. Staci broke up with him because he was too nice. Then she started to go out with a man named Larry, who owned a chain of pizza parlors in Orange County. Larry was rich. He drove a Lamborghini. He told Staci he loved her more than he had ever loved any other woman. After six weeks he told her he had to go out with other women, that he was suffocating. Staci is still in shock. She cries herself to sleep every night. She reads books about losing a love, but it doesn't help.

It's like an epidemic. These are the symptoms: Boy meets girl. Maybe girl meets boy. After a certain amount of foreplay of every kind, there is either an abandonment of the relationship or an intensification of the affair. At that point, one of the parties falls slightly (or greatly) more under the spell of the other. Or one of the parties starts to feel that the relationship is suffocating and does not work for some reason.

Or one of the two may meet someone else. Or maybe one of the two wants a trip to Florence. For whatever reason, the nature of the relationship changes. The boy and girl no longer see each other's idealized vision in the other's eyes. The narcissistic need to feel validated by the other person goes unmet. A corresponding feeling of loss and anger wells up in the erstwhile "mate."

Soon, laceration replaces love, and quips replace kisses, and hostility replaces hugs. But—and this is a big but—this does not mean that the relationships end. Far from it. The relationships continue, disturbed, deranged, off the track, like wounded, crippled B-29s lurching back to England after getting shot up over Schweinfurt.

Sleepless dawns and Tuinal replace nights of love and champagne. But still the relationships do not end. As if fed by an underground fuel storage tank, they smolder and hiss indefinitely. Some cruel nurture of disappointment and frustration keeps the relationships going long after any useful feelings of happiness sprout from it. In many cases, the shift from happy feelings to midnight terror can be almost instantaneous. Even so, feelings of "love" drag on and on more or less indefinitely. The "love affair" becomes a nagging emotional flu, sapping strength, curving the spine, depriving life of its just rewards and pleasures.

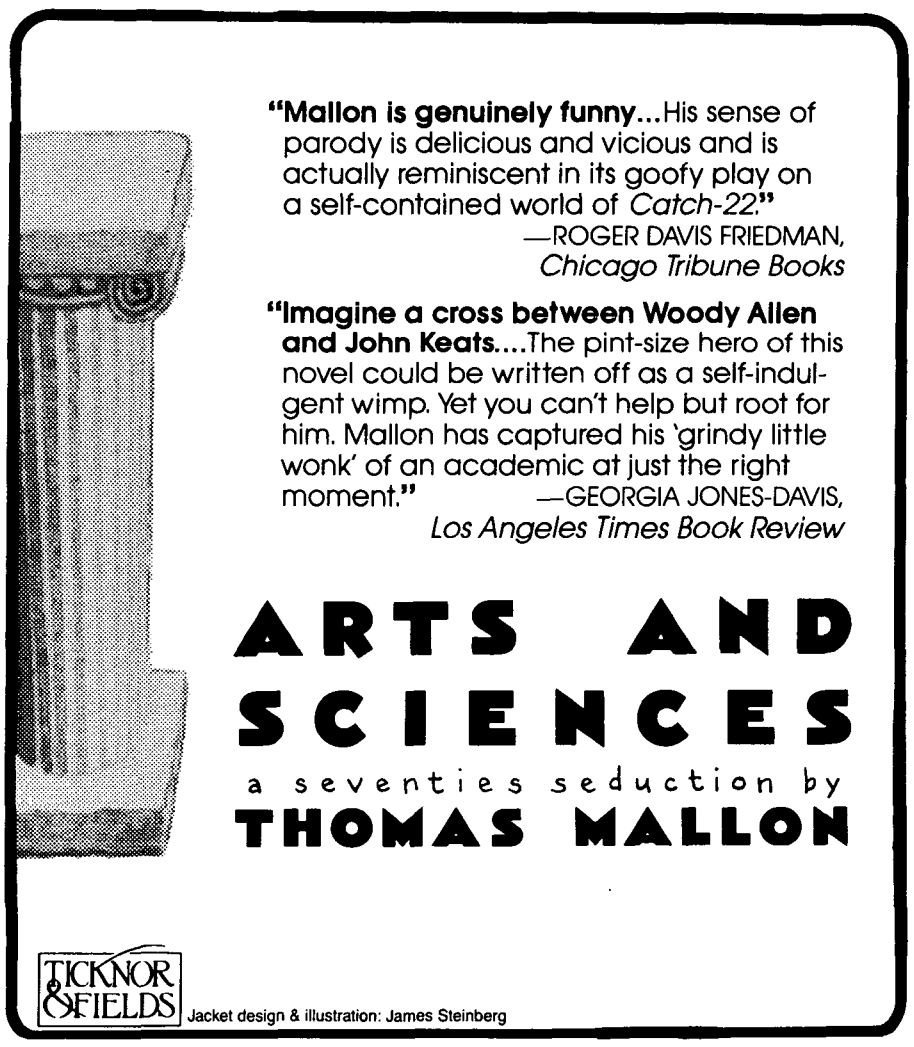
Now I have no doubt whatsoever that this situation has been a part of human relationships for as long as there have been hearts and flowers. But what I see now is that love-as-pain is not just an aberration or a fluke. Love that hurts is now the norm. When my student said that being in love and being sad were the same, he said a mouthful. At least in my life and the lives I see, the kind of love that burns and sears burns with a flame not of passion or euphoria, but of sadness laced with panic. Or at the least, with a dancing nimbus that mocks the idea that love is somehow good for you.

Maybe this mania for love that hurts is a reflection of the national obsession with self. Or maybe the thrill of being hurt in a relationship supplies thrills and chills in an age in which we have all become addicted to speed and action and catastrophe. Maybe love affairs that hurt have to do with endemic low self-esteem that needs to be fed with blows to the heart. Maybe it really is an addiction.

For whatever reason, men and women are suffering, and Michael is still sitting next to me as evening turns into night by the pool, and he says that he doesn't know how much longer he can take it. "She runs out of this restaurant we're sitting in, and she sees this guy she used to date, and she runs up to him and hugs him like she's going to put her hips through his stomach, and I'm standing there like the village idiot, and when I get into the car with her and tell her she hurt my feelings, she says, 'No. You hurt my feelings by not introducing yourself to Jimmy and telling him how much you like his movies. That was really rude . . . ' "

"Michael, I'm sorry."

"So the very next day, I'm on the phone all over town to get her car insurance, and to pay off her parking tickets, and wondering what she's going to do tonight to hurt me when I take her to the Bel-Air Hotel for dinner . . . " □


"Mallon is genuinely funny...His sense of parody is delicious and vicious and is actually reminiscent in its goofy play on a self-contained world of Catch-22."
—ROGER DAVIS FRIEDMAN, Chicago Tribune Books
"Imagine a cross between Woody Allen and John Keats....The pint-size hero of this novel could be written off as a self-indulgent wimp. Yet you can't help but root for him. Mallon has captured his 'grindy little wonk' of an academic at just the right moment."
—GEORGIA JONES-DAVIS, Los Angeles Times Book Review
ARTS AND SCIENCES
a seventies seduction by
THOMAS MALLON
TICKNOR & FIELDS
Jacket design & illustration: James Steinberg

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Geoffrey Norman

THE HUSTLE AND HYPOCRISY OF ANDREW YOUNG'S ATLANTA

The Democrats have chosen an appropriate site for their July convention, a city where all their fantasies thrive.

Months before the first delegate had even bought his ticket to Atlanta for the Democratic National Convention, the city was at work, getting ready. While this convention would only be the fourth largest held in the city in 1988, it would—by any measure—be the most *visible*. The city would be in an unremitting spotlight for three days, at least. (More if predictions of a brokered convention came true.) Journalists would hit Peachtree and Five Points like army ants on the march, looking for material, devouring the city of stories, especially if the convention were *not* brokered and turned into another dull coronation.

Fifteen thousand reporters was the figure you heard, over and over again. The force of that number hits you and numbs you, the same way any vast and depressing number—British troops killed on the first day of the Somme, number of nuclear warheads in the Russian arsenal—hits you and leaves you feeling small and helpless.

And Atlanta, which is a city that, above all, knows how to get things done, even the toughest things, went to work to make sure that those 15,000 would see the city as the city sees itself. For a generation now—since the days of the sit-ins—Atlanta has been "The City Too Busy To Hate." But that image was old and unexciting and, besides, everyone had heard about how Atlanta had whipped bigotry through prosperity. Lately, its visionary citizens had taken to calling Atlanta "the next international city" or "the city of the twenty-first century."

To a visitor who could remember the city from the days before it boomed, when people talked about camellias more than business and the only major company in town was Coca-Cola, it is stunning to see just how much the place has grown. And how wildly. When people talk about "Atlanta" they are not talking about a city in the old sense. There is a city and a downtown area but the reality of Atlanta is the continuous, festering growth that extends across some six different counties and forty-two different municipal governments. The farthest reach of metropolitan Atlanta might be as much as forty miles from the center of downtown. Many of the big new office buildings and the million dollar homes are rising out on this expanding frontier. One of the outlying counties is the fastest growing in the nation. Metropolitan Atlanta grew at a 20 percent rate between 1980 and 1986, and is now the tenth-largest metropolitan area in the nation. It has become not so much a city—defined by its nucleus, its center—as something else: an organism (the cliché, of course, is cancer) defined by nothing except its growth. If one wanted to find a suitable, if overused, regional metaphor, it would be kudzu, the Southern plant that devours rural areas and buildings in its ceaselessly growing tendrils.

But, then, Atlanta isn't really a Southern city anymore. Camellias and dogwoods still grow on the suburban lanes and Lewis Grizzard still churns out his lame good-old-boy humor in the pages of the local paper, but Atlanta is Sunbelt contemporary in every way, from the expense account restaurants to the BMW dealers to the transplanted New Jerseyites who live in the 90-percent-white northern counties and worry about the blacks coming in and ruining the schools. (Long-time Atlanta people will tell you that newcomers are direct and uncomplicated racists. They carry no bagggage of guilt from the bad old days of formal segregation. To them, racism has never been an institution, only an attitude.)

If greater Atlanta *is* growth, then it is also prosperity. You cannot have one without the other, and since there would be no Atlanta without growth, prosperity is *necessary* to its very being. Prosperity in Atlanta is not a mere rational desire for healthy economic growth, it is a consumptive fever. Ask a county executive how things are this year and he answers in number of construction permits issued. Metropolitan Atlanta has created more jobs in the last five years than . . . well, than any place in the country.

In Atlanta, everyone is an apostle of growth. The mayor of the city, Andrew Young, an ordained minister and Jimmy Carter's delegate to the U.N., has become an evangelist for economic growth and one of the few conspicuous black prophets of trickle-down economics. It is all right for the rich to get richer, he has said, as long as their gain "bubbles up to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and heal the sick."

In pursuit of this vision, Young flies around the world trying to entice people, business, and money to come to Atlanta. He is more salesman and spokesman than administrator and leader. If the Chamber of Commerce could *hire* a mayor, Young would have the job for life. He is mayor of a city of less than half a million souls, some 70 percent of them black, but he has made himself an international figure, pounding the pulpit for prospering, successful Atlanta.

Like other, less conspicuous boosters, Young must stress the positive. Good news will encourage people to emigrate to Atlanta and Atlanta needs the growth. It is not just desirable; it is essential. Good news is vital and Atlanta works desperately to create it and spread it. The convention will be a chance to spread the good news. Neither Andrew Young—who will be a figure of symbolic importance for the Democrats as a successful black mayor

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of a large Southern city—nor Atlanta itself is likely to let the opportunity pass.

Even four and five months before the opening of the convention, the visitor could see evidence of the preparations. The airport was being painted and recarpeted, though in spirit it remained what it has always been: infuriating. It is called Hartsfield International after one of the first in a series of Atlanta mayors who saw a big future for the city, as the commercial hub and capital of the new, prosperous South. To insure this, Hartsfield built the first big Atlanta airport and provided it with runways long enough to handle jets, even though no jets were yet in service. That first airport was, by all accounts, one of the principal reasons Atlanta got such a jump on competing cities like Birmingham, Nashville, and Charlotte in the race for regional dominance. This newer airport immortalizes Hartsfield, though there are citizens of Atlanta who remember him better as the man who filled the city's swimming pools with concrete rather than allow "coloreds" to swim in them.

The new airport is a point of pride here. Any booster's litany will inevitably include the fact that Hartsfield is "the nation's busiest airport." Which is a partial truth. Chicago's O'Hare handles more people. Atlanta is first in number of flights and, hence, frequently in number of delays as well. The airport seems to have bitten off more than it can chew, which is altogether typical of the city.

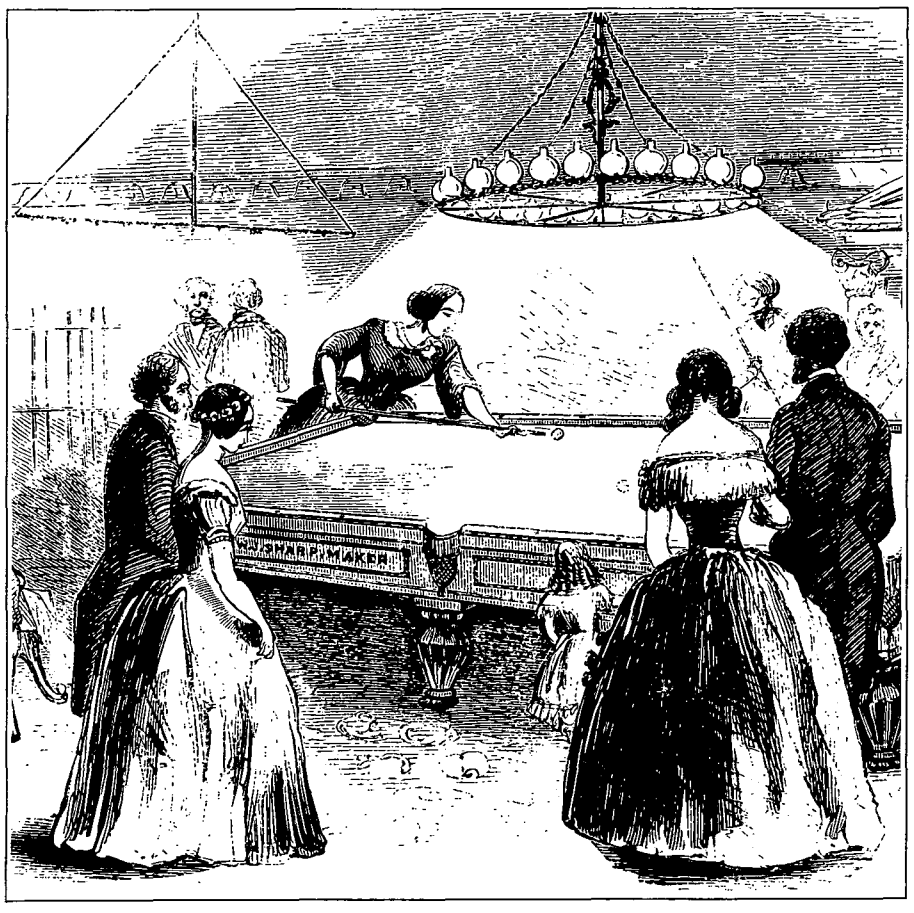
By convention time, the arriving delegates will be able to ride the rapid transit, called MARTA, to their downtown hotels. But the airport line will not be dedicated until a month or so before the convention, so the visitor who has come for an early inspection of the city is obliged to pick up a rental or take a cab. Anyone who has ever taken a cab from the Atlanta airport will be exceedingly reluctant to do so again. For years, it has been unusual to find a cab driver at Hartsfield who could speak English, make change, or find his way around town. And the cabs themselves were, if anything, worse than the drivers.

So the prudent visitor decides on a rental, and once he has cleared the lot he heads for town on one of the three interstates that feed into the city. Those interstates, along with a beltway around the city and several other large highways, have been in more or less constant construction for the last twenty years. The city and the state had hoped that work south of the city—between the airport and downtown—would be completed by the time the convention opened. It now appears this was a miscalculation.

But the taxi mess and the unfinished roads do not dampen the spirits of Atlanta's boosters as they prepare for the convention. This is a city that insists on seeing things in a "positive" way. The visitor will hear, over and over, this distinction made. There is a positive way of looking at things and then there is the negative way. One wonders, from time to time, if it is possible to look at things in a merely factual way, and decides that it is not, at least not in Atlanta.

The positive way of looking at the taxi problem is to say, as Dan Sweat, a spokesman and leader of the Atlanta business community for more than twenty years, does: "It's a problem in every major city. Look at New York." It's a rare occasion when an Atlanta booster will admit that his city is equivalent to any other, and especially New York. On the matter of the eternal highway construction and the consequent bottlenecks, Sweat is equally positive. He says, "I look at that as a healthy sign. That's progress. If we ever get to where we're not building more highways, then it'll be a bad sign."

This is a city that insists on seeing things in a "positive" way.



The visitor—or the convention delegate—will likely find this sort of boosterism harmless and amusing at first. There is something naive and shameless about it; something in the spirit of Ted Turner, who is from Atlanta and owns the local baseball franchise. The Atlanta Braves are arguably the worst team in the majors, but this does not deter Turner from calling them "America's Team" on the cable TV network which he owns and which broadcasts the hapless Braves' games. But after a time the boosterism becomes oppressive, like the miasmic air outside the air-conditioned hotels and restaurants. It begins to cloy and choke and you look for relief.

Consider: In mid-February, the Chamber of Commerce issued a document updating members on the city's preparations for the convention. It listed the various improvements that would be made at the airport and elsewhere to impress the visiting delegates and, more importantly, those 15,000 reporters. The report described the C. of C.'s intentions thus:

> We want to participate with, not manage, the media so an accurate picture of Atlanta and Georgia emerges.
>
> We'll do this by providing credible, consistent information, access to articulate spokespeople, and flexibility in accommodating the myriad of requests, concerns and problems that will inevitably occur.
>
> If we are successful, the media and their audience will see a sophisticated city with tradition, charm and beauty, harmony among citizens, stability in municipal authorities and prosperity in its business community.
>
> These impressions will pay dividends into the 21st century, tangible dividends: more investment, more jobs, a broader tax base to pay for our infrastructure needs, and a secure reputation as a truly world-class city.

The report then went on to brief members on what kind of stories about Atlanta they could expect the media to cover during the convention. These were divided into two categories. There were (surprise) "positive" stories. And then there were "negative" stories. The report supplied twenty-five examples of each kind of story. Under the heading of positive stories one found, for example, *Gone with the Wind*. Under negative examples there was Nude Dance Clubs. (There are plenty of these but the city is trying to get them closed down before the conventioneers arrive. As we go to press, the clubs are still open.)

Unfortunately, the Chamber report itself became a kind of negative story. Along with the nudie bars, the report had listed the missing and murdered children case, Ku Klux Klan activity, and profiles of civil rights activists among the twenty-five possible negative stories the media might find in Atlanta. Nothing was heard from the Klan; however, some of the local civil rights activists objected strenuously—in the press, of course—to their inclusion on the list. Explanations and apologies followed.

There was much to amuse a visitor in this episode. It turned out that the Chamber had drawn up plans for "spin control," including the creation of a 200-member volunteer squad of flacks who would be supplied with lists of spokesmen standing by should the need for interviews or quotes arise. Even more interesting was the fact that one of the people behind the project was the publisher of the city's only major newspaper, the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*. It all made Atlanta seem like some hick town trying to come across as big time, pointing to the brand new rotating restaurant on top of the bank building as a sign of its sophistication. Could anyone imagine the publisher of the *New York Times* participating in a campaign to woo visiting reporters? Would San Francisco or New Orleans close down some strip joints because a political convention was coming to town?

But the affair was characteristic of Atlanta, a city obsessed with image and furiously defensive about the image it has so carefully created. Being of the breed, boosters in Atlanta tend to exaggerate or even lie, outright, about their city. But unlike most other boosters, they seem to believe what they say and take deep offense when anyone points out that not everything is glorious in Atlanta. Even if your facts are correct, you are being "negative." Intoxicated

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by their own carefully created image and the lies they tell, Atlanta boosters believe that somehow they have found the solution to problems that have frustrated the nation's other major cities. And they are more arrogant than deluded. Their feelings are captured perfectly by Andrew Young. Told of people in other Southern urban areas who claim that they don't want to be "another Atlanta," Young responds: "They're lying."

Perhaps. But, then, at the risk of being considered "negative," someone ought to point out to the mayor and his fellow boosters, in and out of the local press, that there is much about Atlanta that one would not want duplicated in his own city. Among major American cities, Atlanta has a poverty rate exceeded only by Newark. Its air quality is third worst in the nation. Its murder rate approaches Detroit's. Political corruption is widespread, if not endemic. Traffic is horrible and getting worse.

To be sure, there *is* a sheen of prosperity about downtown Atlanta where the convention will be held and the hotels are located. There are new office buildings and lavish hotels on almost every block, and they fairly gleam in the sunlight. But if you drive a few blocks, cross the interstate, and then turn down Capitol Street and go past the stadium where the baseball Braves and the football Falcons perform (miserably) you will find yourself in another world, this one full of vacant lots, burned-out buildings, crumbling clapboard homes, and a few dreary project houses. This is Summerhill, part of the city of Atlanta and depressingly familiar. Call it a slum or call it a ghetto . . . call it anything you want, there is no way to make it into a positive story.

The Rev. Austin Ford, an Episcopalian, has been here for more than twenty years now. Ford has established a community center called Emmaus House in Summerhill. "When I first moved here," he says, "there was a tremendous sense of hope. Even though things were bad, there was an almost universal belief that they were going to get better. And for a little while, it seemed like things *did* get better. But now, things have been getting worse. And what makes that even harder to accept is that it has been happening with a black regime in power."

The biggest problem, according to Ford, is housing. The city ignores the problem, he says, which is one thing. What is worse is that the city created it. "When they came in here and built that stadium, they tore down 5,700 dwellings," says Ford. "They never replaced them and, when they did that, they created a refugee situation that continues today."

To much of Atlanta, especially *white* Atlanta, the stadium was the city's first claim to real status. Before the stadium, Atlanta was just another growing little Southern city. But when the stadium went up, Atlanta was admitted, literally and figuratively, to the big leagues. No less a local figure than Manuel Maloof, DeKalb County chief executive officer and owner of Manuel's, a restaurant and saloon that is the closest thing in all of metropolitan Atlanta to a celebrity-sports-press-hangout, will tell a visitor: "That's when I knew we'd made it, the first time I went out on Highway 85 and saw that stadium all lit up for a major league baseball game. We had built us a stadium and put a major league team in it and there just wasn't any stopping us."

After a time the boosterism becomes oppressive, like the miasmic air outside the air-conditioned hotels and restaurants.

In the meantime, however, Atlanta has found it needs a *new* stadium. Last year, with his team racking up the worst record in the National Football League, the owner of the Falcons began complaining. If he could not get a modern domed stadium, at municipal expense, then he would have to leave town. It was quickly decided that a domed stadium was feasible and necessary and it was planned for another poor section of town where still more homes would be destroyed to accommodate it, and the Falcons' owner.

"They have this obsession with building all these new things, with mindless growth," Ford says. "They have torn down forty-two of the forty-six single occupancy hotels in the city, to make way for new construction and . . . because they were very seedy places. But many people had lived in some of those buildings for thirty years. They were menials, who had jobs washing dishes or some other way to provide in a very limited way for themselves. But when those SROs were torn down, they had nowhere to go, except to the streets and to the shelters. Today is the last day of March. Tomorrow night, most of the shelters will close. The weather is warmer, and people presumably do not need to sleep inside anymore."

At one time, Atlanta had more public housing than any other city in the U.S. Now, according to Ford, 11 percent of the public housing in this city has closed down. "We thought we were going to get five million in federal money, under one of these community action grants," says Ford, "but Mayor Young grabbed it for Underground."

Underground Atlanta lies on the southern flank of downtown. In the late sixties and early seventies its cutesy nightspots were a tourist draw. But it eventually failed financially and all the bars and boutiques closed and the buildings were abandoned. One of Mayor Young's earliest promises was to reopen Underground so that tourists and conventioneers staying in downtown hotels would have something to do at night. (Convention business is vital to the city's economic health.) At one point it was announced that Underground would be open in time for the convention. And it will open, eventually, but about five years behind schedule.

There are different theories to explain why Underground failed in the first place, and may well fail again. The "positive" view is that it was undercapitalized and disrupted by construction of a MARTA line through one end of the area. This time, the positives say, there won't be any construction and there will be plenty of money.

The negative view is that Underground was done in by crime. People were increasingly afraid to go there. They were afraid of street criminals, virtually all of them black, who hung out at bars with names like "The Mineshaft." The negatives say that they will appear again, when Underground reopens, that they've never gone away, and that people who stay in downtown Atlanta are still afraid to go out at night. There is very little street life in downtown Atlanta after dark. To accommodate his buildings to the fear people feel for the streets, architect John Portman designed overhead walkways so that visitors can go from building to building, looking for shops, restaurants, and other diversions, without ever touching the sidewalk. Portman has also considered building a high rise that would serve as a kind of Underground: all the shops and bars in one building, connected by aboveground walkways so that the street people can't get in.

"If it failed before because of crime," says Bill Shipp, who for years covered city politics for the *Constitution* and now publishes his own newsletter, "then there is a good chance it will fail again because of crime. Because the crime hasn't gone away, and they don't have any better idea now than they had then what to do about it."

To the Reverend Ford, the possibility of crime in Underground, when it is completed, is abstract. Crime in his neighborhood is, on the other hand, immediate enough that he has bars on the window of his small church, an abandoned building that his parish bought for $10,000.

"I did not lock my door when I came here," he says. "Now, we need these bars. It's because of the drugs."

Ford concludes a tour, for the visitor,

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of Emmaus House. It consists of three failing clapboard buildings, one of them a church, one a day-care center for the babies of unwed teenagers, and one an office and referral center for people who need help in dealing with the bureaucracy. On the visit to the day-care center, he described the annual Christmas party Emmaus House holds for neighborhood children each year. "We have someone come in as Santa Claus and we give little presents and have refreshments. The rule has always been, no one who is over 15 years old is invited. This year, it was astounding to see the number of girls who were under fifteen who came with their babies."

With work to do, Ford excuses himself after introducing his visitor to a slim black man who wears a suit and tie and carries a briefcase. Douglas Dean is a former member of the Georgia legislature who grew up in Summerhill and is still a community leader. The most pressing problem in the neighborhood, he says, is crime, because the crime problem, especially the drugs, is making the housing situation worse. Landlords convert single family residences into rooming houses and charge drug dealers as much for a single room as families had paid for an entire house.

"We've got people being evicted up and down this street," Dean says. "And they don't know where to go." He introduces a woman who lived in the same building for twenty-six years and found herself faced with eviction when the landlord decided to renovate and turn the building into single rooms for rent.

"They are putting adults, children, *babies* on the street," she says. "It's much worse than it was in the sixties. We got more drugs, more crack and heroin, more crime, more pimps. Don't nobody care. I feel like Andy Young has turned his back on us."

Dean and the visitor drive around the neighborhood. The sidewalks are littered with trash. Some lots are vacant, some houses boarded up. Churches are empty. Ford had told his visitor that even the churches have abandoned Summerhill. "Only the Holiness churches are left. They sing all night and raise the dead. They provide a sort of fellowship and they are very good at separating people from their money. But the Baptist and Methodist churches have moved out. Gone to the west side where the black middle class lives."

"You see those dudes up there on the corner," Dean says to his visitor.

"Yes."

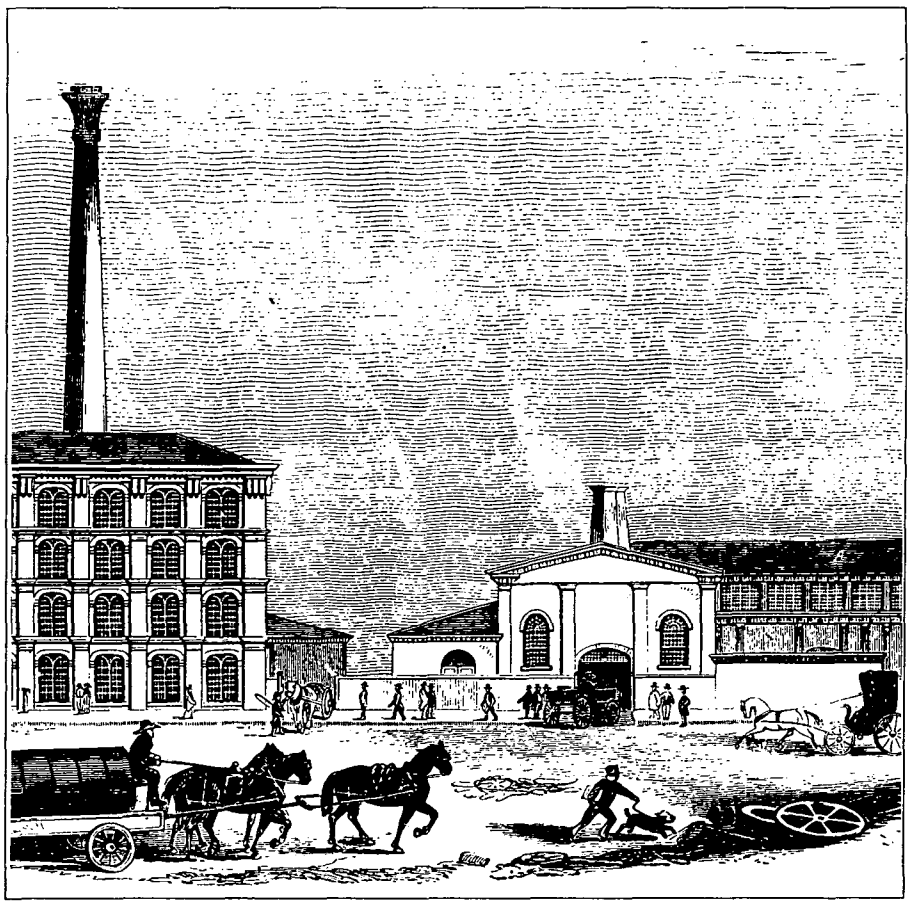
"They're crack dealers. Little early in the day for them."

"They sell right on the street like that?"

"Oh yeah. We don't have enough police to take care of the murders. They can't be worrying about drug pushers."

Dean then explains that Summerhill is part of what the police call "zone three," the most dangerous of the six zones the city has been divided into. Crime in zone three, he explains, is out of control. "We had seventeen homocides in the last quarter of '87. That was the most in the city and a 13 percent increase. You just can't keep going on like that.

"But to patrol this area, with 81,000 people and all this crime, we have eighteen officers on duty at night. That is twenty officers less than we need."



Would San Francisco or New Orleans close down some strip joints because a political convention was coming to town?

Atlanta's law enforcement needs have been recognized for years. But the problems are deep and possibly beyond solving since many of them come down, in the end, to race. And Atlanta, for all its boasts about being too busy to hate, has not discovered the secret path to racial enlightenment. In fact, Atlanta may be the most racially touchy city in the entire union.

Sometimes the city's racial hair-trigger leads to ludicrous spectacles, such as the widely reported race for Congress between two prominent blacks who had both soldiered faithfully in the civil rights wars: Julian Bond and John Lewis. The race turned ugly and one of the issues became . . . which black man was the white man's candidate.

When a serial killer was murdering black children in Atlanta, rumors quickly spread that the KKK was responsible, that the police knew who the killers were but were covering up because the killers were white (this in spite of the fact that the officer in charge of the special task force was black), or that the police were not doing enough because the victims were black. When Wayne Williams, a black man, was arrested and charged with the murders, many white Atlantans are reported to have said, "Thank God he's black." Some blacks still believe Williams was framed and that whites committed the murders and went free.

When the current U.S. Attorney, Robert Barr, secured indictments of two black Fulton County commissioners (one a former Atlanta police chief) as a result of an investigation begun by his black predecessor, an Atlanta city councilman charged that it was part of a conspiracy to discredit black officials. "It is important to realize that black officials are being harassed all over the country," said a speaker at what was called a "Freedom Rally," held in support of the indicted officials.

Adding a touch of absurdity to the affair was the fact that no one could quite decide whether prosecutor Barr was black or white, and he wasn't saying. This is remarkable in Atlanta, a city which has gone from the old ideal of color blindness to an almost supernatural visual acuity in all matters relating to race.

"Everything in Atlanta sooner or later comes down to race," Bill Shipp says. "*Everything.*"

"When you tell someone where you are sending your children to school," says a prominent (white) attorney, "the first question you're asked is, 'What's the mix?' Atlanta is just like that. It has become a way of life. I don't think we even notice anymore."

Some of the racial hassling is faintly comic. There is, for example, the case of the disgruntled white historian who thought he was the best-qualified candidate to run something called "The Cyclorama," an old-fashioned diorama depicting the Battle of Atlanta, the Confederacy's last doomed attempt to halt Sherman on his way to the sea. The city ignored the man's protests and appointed a black woman with demonstrably inferior credentials to the post. Finally the man sued under the equal opportunity statutes and won his case and a judgment of almost a quarter of a million dollars against the city.

The diorama, looking like a sullen, oversized crypt, sits in Grant Park, on the border of Summerhill. Here, and all across zone three, the problems of race are of a more desperate nature than a case of municipal job discrimination. In spite of the fact that Dean and other community leaders are pleading with the city for more police protection, there is deep antagonism between the police and blacks. Some of it is general and symbolic—a loathing of the dum dum bullets used in police sidearms, for example. "We've got to be the only city in America violating the Geneva Convention," Dean said.

A large measure of the city's police problems can be attributed to low morale on the force. The police have a difficult time finding qualified recruits; so difficult in fact that Dan Sweat's organization—Central Atlanta Progress, a group which works to coordinate private and public sector efforts in the city—has put up money to send recruiters out to military bases in the South and is awarding a finder's fee to anyone who brings in a qualified recruit who makes it through training. CAP hopes to add more than 200 officers to the shorthanded force and to help morale in the bargain.

The first black mayor of Atlanta, Maynard Jackson, appointed a black police chief and pushed vigorously for equal opportunity on the force and for promotion of qualified black officers.

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Progress was slow; there were few blacks holding the rank of sergeant or above by the time Young became mayor early in the eighties. When a test for promotion to sergeant was administered and the preponderance of officers who passed were white, Young threw out the test as racially biased. Law suits followed and morale plummeted as promotions were frozen for several years.

While it may be unfair to hold Young entirely accountable for the problems on Atlanta's police force, it is instructive in this, the year of the preacher/politician, to look at the way he has governed (as opposed to promoted) the city. Like Jesse Jackson, Young relies more on emotion and intuition than on reason or analysis. He disdains procedure—"jumping through hoops," he calls it—and his most precious asset, his political popularity, remains untarnished even though corruption has become more and more a part of the way Atlanta does business. City councilmen have been sentenced to prison for taking bribes in the form of consulting fees (as equal opportunity experts) and the suspicion is widespread that there is much more there than meets the eye.

"There is a Pulitzer Prize waiting for someone who will go down to city hall and dig for it," is a phrase the visitor hears more than once, including from people in the media. When he wonders aloud why nobody has done the investigative work, he is told that the newspaper lacked the will, for years and years. It may have it now, with a new editor who was formerly Washington bureau chief for the *New York Times*. But his first priority seems to be national coverage. The local appetite for scandal is just not there.

If Young has administered Atlanta ineptly and tripped over the details, then it hasn't dimmed his national reputation. He will no doubt give a welcoming speech to the delegates and be hailed as both leader and symbol of the new party. This in spite of the fact that he came close, recently, to being indicted for obstruction of justice in the famous Julian Bond drug investigation. Robert Barr says, cautiously, "I felt that the law had been broken but my standard is to ask the grand jury for an indictment only when I think that there is a good chance of winning a conviction in court. I did not think there was such a chance in this case."

Young, as widely reported, placed a call to Bond's wife after she told police her husband and several other prominent blacks, including Young himself, were cocaine users. Young told Alice Bond that she should not report rumors. He said he placed the call in his capacity as Mrs. Bond's minister.

An example of Young's executive style came to light in court earlier this year. The matter in dispute was a city contract for the construction of some parking decks at the airport. Bids were invited, and the low-bid company was J. Jones—in some years the largest construction company in the country. Jones was in a limited partnership with a local company, E. R. Mitchell, in order to comply with stringent city requirements for minority participation that were instituted when Maynard Jackson was mayor.

"When they came in here and built that stadium, they tore down 5,700 dwellings. They never replaced them, thus creating a refugee situation that continues today."

However . . . three minutes after the deadline for sealed bids had passed, another company, owned by Herman Russell, a prominent black Atlanta businessman and a crony of Young, also submitted a sealed bid. According to law and precedent, the late bid should never have been opened. With this sort of contract the bid clock is virtually sacred.

Russell's bid turned out to be some $10,500 lower than the Jones-Mitchell bid (on a more than $13 million contract).

Jones-Mitchell attorneys immediately filed protests and prepared to enjoin. They asked for a hearing as a disappointed bidder, which, by law, they were entitled to do. They never received a response, nor were they granted their hearing.

Eventually, the mayor made a personal decision to award the contract to his friend Russell, on the grounds that Russell's attorneys had established that the bid clock in the purchasing officer's office at city hall was *exactly* three minutes fast. Somebody, it was said, had even called the telephone number for the exact time on that day and, yes, the clock was three minutes fast.

Jones filed suit. Many months later, Andrew Young was on the stand, explaining why he had decided, against all precedent and advice from officials in his own administration, to award the bid to Herman Russell's company. Young admitted that he had talked to a representative from the Russell company in the period between the submission of the bids and his own decision to award the contract to Russell; that Herman Russell was his friend and political supporter; that he had not talked to anyone from Jones-Mitchell; and that as far as he knew Jones-Mitchell had not received a hearing, although, in his opinion, they were probably entitled to one.

Young said that he decided for the Russell bid because it was $150,000 lower than the Jones-Mitchell bid, and that a bid should not be eliminated simply because the clock was fast. He said he argued with his subordinate Clara Axam, who wanted to stick with precedent and the bid clock. Young added that Axam was acting like a fundamentalist preacher, taking Sunday School teachings too seriously, and that she did not appreciate the difference between the letter and the spirit of the law. Young also testified that he'd never heard of another instance in which a contract was awarded to a bidder who came in late.

Then, remarkably, he said that he knew Jones was "one of the largest builders in the world. And I figure a little parking deck like this was probably not much for them." He added that Jones's name "seemed to be on half the buildings going up in town."

Finally, the Reverend Young testified that he saw himself "presiding over what was basically an ego battle between two departments, and I really don't think of this as having any consequences as far as these developers were concerned, because I thought it was basically a small job for both of them."

The jury, acting in the spirit of a fundamentalist preacher, found for Jones. The cost to the city was $1 million.

Young, who cannot run for a third consecutive term as mayor, is considering a campaign for governor of Georgia. He will most likely win the black vote automatically. As in the nation at large, no one in Atlanta questions the fitness of this. In fact, there is kind of a glow of pride among the people who tell visitors about the power of the black vote here in the city too busy to hate. The mayor of Atlanta will always be black. That is understood. Just as the city will never agree to any plan that calls for its incorporation into a government that represents the metropolitan area and reality. That would cost blacks, and black politicians, too much power . . . and the spoils of power.

In the end, Atlanta does not so much seem the city of the twenty-first century or the city too busy to hate as a city that suffers from all the ordinary problems. There is crime, racism, corruption, pollution, poverty, homelessness, and so on and so forth. There is even, God help us all, nude dancing.

None of these afflictions are necessarily fatal. But Atlanta suffers, also, from an acute case of the worst American disease of all, one that is surely deadlier. It is the disease of consumptive decline and its chief symptom is the root condition of Atlanta—an obsession with image, a denial of reality, and an inability to distinguish between the fevers of disease and the glow of health. □

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SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

CONSERVATIVES, CONTAINMENT, AND VIETNAM

by Col. Harry G. Summers, Jr.

"Defend me from my friends," said Maréchal Villars; "I can defend myself from my enemies." That phrase came to mind when I read Mark Falcoff's "Let's Be Honest About Vietnam" (*TAS*, December 1987). There is no question that Falcoff is a "friend" whose intentions were well meant. But unfortunately his account obscured more than it illuminated, partly because of the sources he used to make his case.

As a respected Latin America expert, Falcoff undoubtedly can see through and demolish the distortions and exaggerations of the Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador and their ilk in a heartbeat, but he doesn't have the same keen eye when it comes to Vietnam.

That was obvious when he quoted professional Vietnam vet Bobby Muller—best known for his groveling to the North Vietnamese and his wreath-laying at the tomb of the mass murderer Ho Chi Minh in Hanoi—as an authority on the South Vietnamese military. To criticize South Vietnam's senior military leaders is one thing. To vilify their "grunts," as Muller has done, 220,357 of whom were killed and 570,000 wounded in defense of their country, is quite another.

Then there was his reliance on the "tell-me-another-verse-that's-worse-than-the-other-verse-and-waltz-me-around-again-Willie" war stories of Kim Willenson's "oral history," *The Bad War*. Falcoff should have suspected that a compiler as blatantly biased as Willenson would pick and choose those stories that primarily reflected his own prejudices. If Falcoff was going to use oral histories to make his case—always a doubtful proposition—he could have at least balanced them with more objective accounts, such as those collected by Vietnam combat infantry veteran Al Santoli in his *Everything We Had* (Random House) and *To Bear Any Burden: The Vietnam War and Its Aftermath in the Words of Americans and Southeast Asians* (Dutton).

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And I am sure, when it comes to Latin America, Falcoff knows full well that expertise is not fungible. But on Vietnam he accepts political scientist Guenter Lewy's academic thesis on how American strategy was "fundamentally flawed" by General Westmoreland's "attrition" strategy. I have enormous respect for Guenter Lewy. His 1978 work, *America in Vietnam*, was the first to debunk the lies and distortions about America's conduct of the Vietnam war. But a military strategist he is not.

Falcoff compounds the error when he questions the credentials of a genuine military strategist, Colonel William LeGro (Correspondence, *TAS*, March 1988). A distinguished infantry combat veteran, LeGro was a key staff officer in the Office of the Deputy Chief of Staff for Military Operations and Plans in the Pentagon in the early days of the war and the G-2 (intelligence chief) of the 1st Infantry Division in 1966-1967 and of the Defense Attache Office in Saigon (the successor to MACV after the 1973 Paris Accords) until the very end. He is also the author of the definitive history of the fall of Saigon, *Vietnam from Cease-Fire to Capitulation* (U.S. Government Printing Office).

To his credit, however, Falcoff was willing to listen. In his reply to LeGro's criticisms he praises one of the most important recent books on the war, Norman Hannah's *The Key to Failure: Laos and the Vietnam War* (Madison Books). And he acknowledges General Westmoreland's explanation that the war was "disynchronic"—i.e., that the wars against the Viet Cong irregulars and the regular military forces of North Vietnam were taking place simultaneously. That is a key point, a point not understood by otherwise "friends" of America's involvement in Vietnam such as Guenter Lewy, Robert Komer, and Andrew Krepinevich, who continue to argue, against all evidence, that our defeat there was due to failure to concentrate on counterinsurgency.

As even the North Vietnamese acknowledge, the Viet Cong were a spent force after Tet 1968, and for the next *seven years* the war was primarily with the regular forces of North Vietnam. In the end, the fall of Saigon—overwhelmed by a 22-division North Vietnamese cross-border blitzkrieg supported by tanks, missiles, and heavy artillery—had more relationship to the fall of France in 1940 than it did to any of the critics' academic notions of counterinsurgency. Even Procrustes himself would have been hard put to fit it into the frame provided by guerrilla war theory.

But such debates about the tactical and operational aspects of the Vietnam war are of limited value, since nothing we say now will change the outcome there. Further, and Falcoff's article is a case in point, they obscure the larger strategic lessons that have enormous significance for future military operations.

The first strategic lesson is an appreciation of the effect of the national policy of containment on American battlefield operations. First articulated by Ambassador George F. Kennan in 1947, "containment" essentially holds that the best way to deal with the Soviet Union and its satellites is not to attack them directly but instead to contain their expansion by diplomatic, political, economic, psychological, and, as a last resort, military means and allow the internal contradictions of their own society eventually to bring them to heel.

Three years later when the Korean War broke out, containment had its first real test. As President Truman made clear in his June 27, 1950 "war message" to Congress, the North Korean invasion of South Korea was seen as evidence that monolithic world Communism, directed and controlled from Moscow, had moved from subversion to force of arms to spread its ideology. Truman not only ordered American troops into Korea, he also ordered a massive troop buildup in Western Europe, ordered the U.S. Navy into the Taiwan Straits, increased aid to the Philippine government then fighting a Communist insurgency, and (in a move that would have long-term effects) sent military assistance and a U.S. military advisory team to aid the French and the Associated States of Indochina then fighting the Viet Minh insurgents led by Ho Chi Minh.

At first, U.S. policy in Korea was to prevent South Korea from being overrun and eventually to expel the North Korean invaders and restore the status quo antebellum. But after the successful Inchon invasion in September 1950 and the apparent collapse of the North Korean army, U.S. national policy changed to the liberation of the entire Korean peninsula. When the Chinese intervened in November 1950, U.S. national policy changed once again.

Fearful of becoming involved in a land war with mainland China and fearful of directly confronting the Soviet Union, which the year before had become a nuclear power, Truman abandoned the national policy of rollback and liberation and adopted the national policy of containment.

That change in national policy required a similar change in its supporting military strategy, and the American military was ordered to abandon the strategic offensive and instead assume the strategic defensive. For the first time in its history the U.S. military was forbidden to carry the war to the enemy in order to break his will to resist. It was this change in strategy that brought the disagreements between President Truman and his field commander, General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, to a head and led to MacArthur's relief from command.

While there was much hue and cry about this from Republicans, when General of the Army Dwight Eisenhower was elected to replace Truman he did not rescind that fundamental change in U.S. national policy. Instead, Eisenhower reaffirmed it during the Hungarian uprising in 1956 when he specifically ruled out "rollback" and "liberation" in favor of "containment." Every subsequent administration, including the present one, has reaffirmed that policy—albeit (as will be discussed below) with a lack of understanding of the effect that policy has on American military operations and strategy.

Containment has remained the foundation of U.S. foreign and military policy for almost forty years for two simple reasons: (1) it works and (2) there is no acceptable alternative. Although much criticized, the truth is that "containment" has served the nation well. Some time back *TAS* did a

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retrospective on the 1960s and found out that none of the psychedelic predictions of the "greening of America" had proved true. A similar forty-year retrospective on Communism would produce the same results.

Where forty years ago "monolithic world Communism" appeared about to sweep the world, now Communism has long since fragmented into polycentric power centers. Where once the Marxist-Leninist claims that Communism transcended nationalism were taken as gospel, now we see Communist nations waging war on each other, and nationalism touching off riots even in the Soviet Union itself. Where once serious people talked about the death throes of capitalism and the Communist economic model was seen as the wave of the future, now it is Marxist economic policies that are bankrupt and around the world Communist nations themselves have had to adopt capitalist methods to save their economies from total collapse. Kennan was right. The greatest threat to Communism has been its own internal contradictions.

The second reason that "containment" has been reaffirmed is that its alternatives, "rollback" and "liberation," appear too risky in the nuclear age. As long as the Soviet Union has nuclear weapons with which to defend itself, we are not liable to march on Moscow. As long as we maintain our nuclear deterrent, they are not liable to march on Washington either.

This reality has profoundly changed the way in which the United States wages war. But this change is not widely appreciated. As Falcoff says in his critique of the conduct of the Vietnam war, "What the American presence . . . could not do was move beyond costly stalemate. If that is so, then all of the controversy over the failure of Congress to appropriate adequate resources to South Vietnam's survival in 1974-75 may be sadly irrelevant."

Falcoff fails to understand that battlefield stalemate has been (and continues to be) the most "relevant" fact of American military strategy for over a generation. To understand why this is so, one must appreciate that war is waged on three interconnected levels—the tactical (the clash of small units on the battlefield), the operational (the combination of a series of battles within a theater of war), and the strategic (the use of military force to achieve political goals).

At each of these levels, war is fought in two ways: offensively, where the battle is carried to the enemy, and defensively, where one repels the enemy attack. At the tactical level the battlefield commander determines whether to attack or defend, but at the operational and strategic level that decision is a matter of national policy.

Historically, the U.S. policy for waging war was rollback and liberation which translates into the military strategic and operational offensive where (as in World War II) the war is carried to the enemy, his forces are defeated on the battlefield, his capital seized, and his territory occupied.

But, as discussed above, beginning with the Korean War and continuing through the Vietnam war until the present day, the U.S. national policy has been containment, and containment translates into the military strategic and operational defensive. Both in Korea after the Chinese intervention and for most of the Vietnam war the military was specifically forbidden from launching ground offensive operations designed to destroy the enemy's army and break his will to persist in his aggression. Limited to strategic and operational defensive operations, the best result it could obtain was *stalemate*. As military theory has warned for centuries, that is as good as it gets.

With such a strategy, war cannot be terminated by military means; instead it has to be terminated by political negotiations. This happened in both Korea and Vietnam. In Korea the battlefield was stalemated in 1951, and it was only after two years of bitter negotiations that the war was ended with the armistice agreement. Again in Vietnam the battlefield was stalemated in 1968 and five years of negotiations led to the Paris "Peace" Accords.

In both cases the United States was at a disadvantage. The enemy, among other things, used our POWs for negotiating leverage, and played on the fact that the American people have no stomach for prolonged and drawn out wartime negotiations during which American soldiers continue to be killed for no apparent reason. In both wars public support went down the tube during the negotiating process (see John Mueller's *War, Presidents and Public Opinion*, Wiley).

Not only did the United States adopt a strategic defensive strategy, we forced it on our allies as well. Both South Korea and South Vietnam were specifically barred from carrying the war to the enemy, and as a consequence it was the enemy who was given the psychological advantage of championing national "liberation."

And the enemy had another advantage as well. While the U.S. forced its policies and strategies on its allies, the Soviet Union encouraged its allies to take a precisely opposite tack. Although at times on the tactical and operational defensive, from the very beginning North Korea and North Vietnam were on the strategic offensive. They never wavered from their goal of destroying their opponent's army, occupying his territory, and seizing his capital. We frustrated that strategy in Korea, and, until the Paris Accords in 1973, we frustrated it in Vietnam as well.

But another less well-known goal of strategic offensive operations is to break the community of interest among allies, and when the U.S. -South Vietnam coalition was fatally weakened after the Paris Accords, South Vietnam by itself was no match for the twenty-two Soviet equipped divisions of North Vietnam's regular army.

Does that mean that "containment" dooms us to defeat? Not at all. The Korean War was proof that we can obtain our national objectives with a national policy of containment and with a military strategy of the strategic defensive. But because Korea was not very satisfying to the American psyche, a Korean War-type strategy of isolating the battlefield and keeping the outside aggressor at bay, although repeatedly proposed by General Westmoreland and others (see Hannah's book), was never seriously considered in Washington.

To argue whether "containment" is right or wrong is almost beside the point. Given the reality of the U.S.-USSR nuclear standoff, to rail against it is futile. As Mr. Dooley once said, it's like getting mad at a tornado and going out and kicking the wind. But if we can't change it, the least we can do is understand what it portends—as long as our national policy is containment, our military strategy against any major adversary (or the ally of a major adversary) will continue to be the strategic defensive. And with the strategic defensive, "stalemate" will continue to be the best battlefield result obtainable.

That reality has to be explained to the American people. They especially have to be dissuaded from the popular notion that World War II with its total military victory over the enemy is the true paradigm of war. If there is a paradigm of war today it is Korea, with its battlefield stalemate leading to a prolonged negotiated settlement.

If that had been explained to the American people when we went into the Vietnam war, many of their subsequent frustrations may well have been avoided.

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those who supported and those who opposed the Vietnam war. It is not, as Falcoff argues, between liberal and conservative interpretations of that conflict. It is between those who understand the fundamental nature of war and those who do not.

War is an act of force to compel our enemy to do our will. The purpose of the armed forces is only secondarily the destruction of the enemy's military forces. Its primary purpose is to break the enemy's will to resist (or, in defensive operations, his will to persist in his aggression). The operative word is *will*. It is this fact that makes war a political act—an act for the entire American people—not merely a task for the armed forces.

President Johnson never understood that. Not only did he deliberately not mobilize the will of the American people, he demonstrated the paucity of his own will in his Johns Hopkins University speech on April 7, 1965 (the day after he ordered American ground combat troops into action in Vietnam) when he offered a payoff to Ho Chi Minh if he would stop his aggression. To realize the enormity of that blunder, imagine Franklin Roosevelt making a similar offer to Adolf Hitler in 1942. But Roosevelt knew that Americans don't fight wars in cold blood. They must believe, if they are to put their lives at risk, that the enemy is evil incarnate. And one does not temporize with evil.

Robert McNamara, who as Secretary of Defense was the equivalent of the General-in-Chief and Admiral-in-Chief of the Armed Forces in earlier conflicts, never understood the critical importance of will either, perhaps because it could not be programmed into a computer. When he said during the Westmoreland trial that as early as 1965 he thought the war was militarily unwinnable, it was obvious his will had been broken before the massive American troop involvement in Vietnam even began.

In one of the most important books on the war (*The 25-Year War: America's Military Role in Vietnam*, University of Kentucky Press), General Bruce Palmer, himself a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff at the time, describes how this defeatism at the top permeated our strategic decision-making process. As a result, we never had a military strategy worthy of the name.

The American people sensed as much by the fall of 1967, when for the first time a majority turned against the war. As Syracuse University Professor John Mueller has pointed out ("Reflections on the Vietnam Antiwar Movement and the Curious Calm at the War's End," in *Vietnam as History*, University Press of America), they did not turn against the war on idealistic grounds, as the antiwar movement claims. They turned against it on the all too correct suspicion that the bozos in Washington didn't know what the hell they were doing, a suspicion confirmed in their minds several months later by the Viet Cong's Tet offensive.

From that point on, the end of American involvement was inevitable, for the war was lost in the only place that really counted—the minds of the American people. Thus the options open to President Nixon, who ironically had the will required of a war President, were extremely limited. The best he could do was extricate American military forces at the lowest possible cost while providing the South Vietnamese at least a fighting chance for survival. And that's exactly what he did. The last American ground combat troops, the 3d Battalion, 21st Infantry, left Vietnam on August 23, 1972, two and one half years before Saigon fell.

As Falcoff's article illustrates, many respected critics continue to blame the war on faulty American tactics. But while their criticisms may have merit, they miss the central point of the war. For the U.S. the war was not lost on the tactical level, and it most certainly was not lost to the irregular forces of the Viet Cong. The war was lost by the strategic failure of senior political and military leaders to formulate clear political and military objectives and communicate them both to the American people and to military leaders on the battlefield. Not only did the American people not understand the war, in itself a fatal error (it is the objective, wrote Clausewitz a century and a half ago, that determines the value of the war; and it is this value that determines the sacrifices to be made in pursuit of it both in magnitude and duration), but those who were doing the fighting didn't understand it either. ("Almost 70 percent of the generals who managed the war were uncertain of its objectives," wrote Brigadier General Douglas Kinnard in *The War Managers*, University of Kentucky Press).

In Hanoi on a negotiating mission five days before the fall of Saigon, I told my North Vietnamese counterpart, "You never beat us on the battlefield." His reply was short but to the point. "That may be so," he said. "But it is also irrelevant." And he was exactly right. The purpose of war is to break the opponent's will, and by 1968 American will was irretrievably broken. From that point on it didn't matter what happened on the battlefield. The end was merely a matter of time.

For some strange reason conservatives find the idea of public will as the very foundation of war hard to accept. Of all people, they ought to be contemptuous of self-appointed "vanguards of the proletariat" who know best what is good for the American people and are willing and eager to send someone else's sons and daughters (but rarely their own) off to war.

Former Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger tried to warn against such folly in his November 1984 statement of strategic principles, but it was conservatives who led and (viz. Falcoff's article) continue to lead the attack on those principles, especially his warning that there must be some reasonable assurance of public and congressional support before American combat troops are committed to sustained combat.

Conservatives argue that that would make the conduct of foreign and military policy difficult. What they fail to see, as *The Federalist Papers* make clear, is that it was meant to be difficult. By giving Congress—the representatives of the people, periodically elected—the authority to declare war, the framers of the Constitution, themselves veterans of a long and divisive war, sought to ensure that American troops would not be committed to sustained combat without the backing of the American public.

While the form of a declaration of war may be out of fashion, Vietnam was proof that while Americans will stand still for the immediate use of military force by the President to respond to short-lived crises like Grenada and Libya, when it comes to a prolonged military involvement they still have the ultimate say-so.

There are practical and moral reasons for this. From a practical standpoint, if we don't have public and congressional support, who then will pay for the war? And from a moral standpoint, aren't those whose tax monies pay for the war and whose sons and daughters put their lives on the line entitled (as the Constitution sought to guarantee) to a voice in the matter? When I was teaching at the Army War College, I used to ask my students, all Vietnam veterans, "For what will you go to war?" As expected, being professional military officers, they replied that they would go to war if ordered to do so by proper authority. But when then asked, "For what would you send your son or daughter to war?" their answer took on a different tone: "Not much! It had damn well better be worth it and we'd better have a plan to win." And if pressed, Mark Falcoff, and all the other critics of the Weinberger Doctrine, would no doubt give the same answer.

Opponents of the war have long since been routed from the moral heights they once commanded, and in my talks around the country I have found them everywhere on the defensive. At the State University of New York at Stony Brook, for example, a former activist was trying to convince the audience that his antiwar activities were really designed to help our "boys" in Vietnam by ending the war and bringing them back alive.

His apologia was interrupted by a young student who asked, "When you waved 'baby killer' placards, yelled curses, and spit at the returning soldiers, was that just your way of telling them you were glad to see them?"

The American people are finally beginning to see through the posturing, pretensions, and fallacious arguments of those who opposed America's involvement in Vietnam. Painful as it may be, we must do the same with those well-meaning critics who supported that involvement. Although his message was flawed, Falcoff was on target: "Let's Be Honest About Vietnam." We'd better be, for the future security of the United States may well depend upon it. □

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SALT II, ANYONE?

by Carnes Lord

Are we all arms controllers now? In a simpler age, a general commanding the Strategic Air Command compared arms control to an attempt to dress and undress at the same time. Such homely skepticism has become profoundly unfashionable among our modern military chiefs, not to mention our academic and policy elites. Eight years ago, it might have been thought that two terms of conservative rule in Washington would change all this. In fact, we now face a situation in which the most conservative American President of our era has made himself champion of the most far-reaching disarmament measures this nation has ever seriously contemplated.

What is more, he seems to have delivered the conservative flock into the arms control fold. Judging from the recent congressional hearings on the intermediate-range nuclear forces (INF) agreement and the attendant public reaction, conservatives have signed up for what bids fair to being a new national consensus on U.S.-Soviet arms control. Republican voices that questioned the wisdom of the INF pact during the early presidential primaries (Kemp, Robertson, du Pont, Haig) have since faded, while George Bush's injunction to his rivals to support the treaty and "give peace a chance" does not seem to have hurt him, even with many conservatives. In the Senate, Jesse Helms has led a charge with few visible troops, and immolated himself to no effect. Nor has the conservative intellectual establishment sounded a certain trumpet on the treaty. Ironically, harsher judgments have come from some foreign policy traditionalists (notably Henry Kissinger) than from the certified right.

Plainly, much of this has to do with the conservative paternity not only of the INF treaty itself but of the approach to arms control that it represents. The two most distinctive features of the agreement are the deep cuts it makes in existing forces and its intrusive verification provisions. Both features were key components of the conservative critique of the U.S.-Soviet strategic arms agreements of the 1970s. Until recently, they were regarded by mainstream arms controllers as highly unrealistic positions, if not as deliberate efforts to sabotage further negotiations with the Soviets.

The Administration's success with INF has forced its liberal critics to eat these words. Indeed, the INF treaty has probably surpassed the expectations of all arms control experts: not only did the Soviets agree to dismantle a relatively modern and highly capable nuclear system (the mobile SS-20 ballistic missile), but they accepted reductions that favored the United States; and they agreed to on-site and other cooperative monitoring far beyond what even the most optimistic arms control supporters thought possible even a few years ago.

In understanding the current national mood on arms control, one must also consider the Gorbachev revolution. The new Soviet leader has changed the rules of the game by the sweeping reforms he has set in motion within the Soviet Union and the dovish face he has given to Soviet foreign policy. The Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan will remove an irritant in U.S.-Soviet relations that helped kill the SALT II treaty in 1980 and would have hurt any START agreement in 1988. And the sweep and sophistication of current Soviet proposals in virtually every area of arms control have placed heavy pressure on both the United States and its European allies to reach further agreements that would impose yet more radical constraints on the military forces of the Western alliance. A new treaty on strategic arms seems a good if not certain prospect in the coming months. In the meantime, momentum continues to build for agreements that would eliminate chemical and shorter-range nuclear weapons, ban nuclear testing, and drastically reduce conventional forces in Europe.

If all this sounds too good to be true, there's a reason: it probably is.

To begin with, it has long since become clear that arms control has gotten well in front of Western defense planning. When the Reagan Administration took office, it pledged that arms control would be pursued not for its own sake but as part of an overall national security strategy. By the time of the Reykjavik summit in the fall of 1986, such an approach had plainly been discarded, and with a vengeance. The Reagan-Gorbachev agreement on the elimination within ten years of all U.S. and Soviet ballistic missiles not only was not discussed beforehand

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ON VIDEO CASSETTE

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The Unknown Holocaust

Documenting this century's forgotten holocaust—the Ukrainian "terror famine" of 1932-33, which caused the deaths of 7,000,000 people—
HARVEST OF DESPAIR uses interviews with survivors and scholars supplemented by rare photographic evidence to establish that the "terror famine" was deliberately created by the Soviet Government as part of Stalin's decades-long effort to destroy the Ukrainian peasantry, who resisted forced collectivization of their lands. Since the Soviet Government has not admitted its responsibility for the "terror famine", the film challenges Secretary Gorbachev's purported willingness to honestly address his country's historic relationship with "minority nationaties".
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with the NATO allies, it was not even properly studied within the Defense Department. Subsequently, the INF treaty and its political and military implications became a cause of some concern within NATO. But no attempt was made to put the treaty in a strategic perspective and mark out a course for NATO's arms control and force modernization policies. At this point, it is probably too late to do so before NATO is pushed into further agreement (if only in principle) on the next steps in arms control in Europe.

In the second place, whatever one's interpretation of the Gorbachev phenomenon, it would be imprudent to make wishful assumptions either about the benignity of Gorbachev's "new thinking" or about its permanence. There is every reason for the United States to demand concrete proof of fundamental change in the Soviets' approach to arms control or their security requirements generally, and to insist that any further radical reductions be contingent on such proof. Unfortunately, the realities are otherwise. Indeed, for political reasons that are not wholly its fault, the Administration has been unable to remove the arms control monkey from its own back.

Is there no alternative, then, to our current arms control consensus? On the contrary, the coming debate over a START agreement offers exactly the right opportunity for a fundamental rethinking of the elements of the arms control approach championed by the Reagan Administration.

There are certainly reasons for conservatives to be more friendly than they have been in the past to a well-conceived U.S.-Soviet agreement on strategic arms. One reason is the progress that has been made by the Reagan Administration in developing technologies for ballistic missile defense; serious strategic defenses would lessen our requirements for offensive systems and at the same time provide essential protection against Soviet cheating. Another reason is the genuine shift that appears to have taken place in recent years toward a more restricted role for nuclear weapons in Soviet military doctrine.

But is the United States really ready to live under a START agreement that imposes a 50 percent cut in our strategic forces? One may reasonably doubt it. A regime of deep cuts involves serious risks. Fewer U.S. weapons on fewer delivery platforms mean a more lucrative and potentially more vulnerable target set for the Soviets (whose offensive forces will retain in any event a formidable capability for preemptive attack). The U.S. strategic arsenal will be even less able than at present to pose a credible escalating threat to deter Soviet conventional aggression in Europe or elsewhere. At the same time, there is a distinct danger that the Soviets will take advantage of START—as they have of INF—to limit or to delegitimize Western conventional weapon systems that are difficult to distinguish from their nuclear counterparts. In the absence of a plausible U.S. strategy for restoring a balance at the conventional level, the cumulative effect of START and INF could well be to administer the *coup de grâce* to the American "extended deterrent" in Europe and begin the unraveling of the NATO alliance. These uncertainties are only compounded by the faltering momentum of the Strategic Defense Initiative, and the Administration's continuing failure to tie SDI planning to its strategic force modernization efforts.

But perhaps most worrisome is the exponential increase in the risk from—and hence the incentives for—Soviet cheating that would result from a deep-cuts regime. This, combined with the truly daunting verification problems we will face in any comprehensive strategic arms agreement and the discouraging record of Soviet noncompliance with previous agreements, must give pause to anyone not already convinced that the verification issue is merely a bogeyman of the anti-arms control lobby.

To the question of verification, the conservative answer has by and large been: stringent standards of verifiability, together with inspection, inspection, and more inspection. Unfortunately, this is the wrong answer. Recognizing why is perhaps the most urgent step in any rethinking of attitudes and policy towards arms control.

Three points need to be made. First, stringent standards of verifiability are nice in theory, but the reality is that for a variety of technical and operational reasons, strategic weapons are becoming increasingly difficult to monitor. The attempt to close off all possible avenues of cheating can therefore have the effect of denying the United States valuable options for its own military forces, without truly precluding the possibility of undetected Soviet violations. An example is the INF ban on long-range conventionally armed ground-launched cruise missiles (GLCMs), which was included in order to enhance the verifiability of the treaty's ban on nuclear-armed GLCMs of similar range. The result of this provision is merely to deny the U.S. the use of conventional GLCMs for deep strikes against Soviet conventional forces invading Western Europe. Soviet cheating on the GLCM ban could take a number of other forms, such as disguising GLCMs as permitted reconnaissance drones or testing them to less than their full range. If we are not willing to live with avowedly lower verification standards, we should not enter into new treaties.

Second, on-site inspection has been grossly overrated. It has to be presumed that the Soviets will never permit a U.S. inspection team to uncover direct evidence of a violation. The best the U.S. can expect to do is to force the Soviets to commit breaches of procedures governing inspections. But violations of this sort are not likely to bear the political freight of a firm response. On-site inspection may offer opportunities for the collection of useful intelligence in the Soviet Union. On the other hand, it can be anticipated that U.S. inspectors will operate under self-imposed limitations in this regard, while their Soviet counterparts in the West will have a field day. The counter-intelligence problem created by a roving Soviet inspector corps in the United States should not be underestimated.

Third, recent experience has shown that the U.S. should worry less about its verification capabilities than about its ability to respond to violations once they occur. Legal and factual ambiguities have proved potent roadblocks in the way of effective U.S. response to bad Soviet arms control behavior. Lower standards of verifiability could be tolerated if the threshold of our response to evidence of possible violations were also lowered. As things now stand, the failure of the Administration and Congress to take any action even against a universally acknowledged violation such as the Krasnoyarsk radar renders the entire arms control enterprise laughable. Our most immediate need is a compliance policy acceptable to all political tendencies that includes military "safeguards" for every new treaty. A good beginning would be to designate sea-launched cruise missiles (SLCMs) as a treaty-insurance weapon system that would not be subject to formal limitations but would be deployed in numbers commensurate with actual Soviet behavior under the INF-START regime.

What is being suggested here is in one sense a return to a more traditional approach to arms control. Tinkering at the margins of the strategic balance (the conservative charge against the SALT II treaty) has something to be said for it after all—if the alternative is START. On-site inspection is no substitute for improving our technical intelligence capabilities for verification (something conservatives have shown little interest in). On the other hand, what is also needed is a greater prudence, realism, and honesty than American policy elites have yet been able to muster. A renewed effort needs to be made to subordinate arms control to our defense requirements and strategy. Prudence is needed more than ever as we attempt to compete in the political war with Gorbachev's virtuosi of *glasnost* without losing in advance the real war we may someday face with a different and more menacing Soviet leadership. But above all, honesty is needed—for if we cannot tell the truth about the dilemmas of verification or the military and political risks and liabilities of arms control generally, we become mere accomplices in the unilateral disarmament of the West. □

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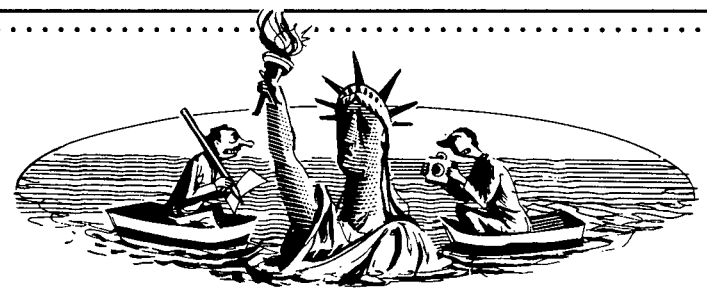


TREASON AND ACCOUNTABILITY

by Michael Ledeen

Early in April, an appeals court in Richmond, Virginia, upheld the conviction of Samuel Loring Morison, for violation of the Espionage Act. Morison had given secret satellite photographs of a Soviet shipyard to *Jane's Defence Weekly*, a British publication. The photos appeared in the American media some weeks later.

Most American newspapers (including the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times*) are worried, deeply worried, about the precedent set by this case, for Morison is the first American ever convicted for turning over classified information to the media. Heretofore, "espionage" was restricted to handing state secrets *directly* to the enemy. The media say—and they are undoubtedly right—that if the decision stands, it will have a chilling effect on the way they do business. Thus, lots of newspapers filed briefs asking the appeals court to overturn Morison's conviction. The basis for the media concern is not the law itself, but that it has, for the first time, been applied to a "journalist." But it seems clear enough that journalists are covered by the law, which makes it a crime for anyone to provide secret information, which he has reason to believe would harm the national defense, to "unauthorized persons." That phrase about "unauthorized persons" is almost never quoted in the newspapers, because it makes it clear that journalists, just like any other citizen, are covered by the Act.

That Morison is guilty of espionage, as defined by the law, is hard to doubt (although the Supreme Court may manage to find a way). The issue is whether it is a good law, and whether the decision of the appeals court threatens freedom of the press. My own view is that, while I'm nervous about the implications of the decision, the participation of the media in Morison's appeal is one of the worst decisions they have made in a long time. For years now, whenever people like me have warned that it will not do for the press to publish all manner of classified information, the media's response has been (with lots of modulation): "That's not our problem. It's the government's problem. Let them take steps to stop the leaks at the source, but let them leave us alone to publish what we think is responsible."

That is precisely what has happened in the Morison case. The government did not take the press to court. The fact that Morison was moonlighting as a free-lancer for *Jane's* is interesting, but irrelevant. His crime was, as a government employee, to pass information damaging to the national defense (it told a great deal about the capabilities of our spy satellites) to unauthorized persons at *Jane's*. And, of course, from *Jane's* to, inter alia, the Soviet Union. But that last move isn't even crucial, for Morison could have been charged with espionage if he had given the photographs to some friend of his.

The problem, according to the media brief (as reported by Stuart Taylor, Jr. in the April 10 *New York Times*), is that the decision "will affect, and perhaps dramatically alter, the way in which government officials deal with the press, the way in which the press gathers and reports the news, and the way in which the public learns about its government."

To which Judge Donald Stuart Russell implicitly replied in his decision: "The mere fact that one has stolen a document in order that he may deliver it to the press . . . will not immunize him from responsibility for his criminal act. To use the First Amendment for such a purpose would be to convert the First Amendment into a warrant for thievery."

The judge is right and the media brief was wrong. And what *really* worries the media—as opposed to all the philosophical talk about "how the public learns about its government"—is that if this decision sticks, it may frighten some leakers away, and it may lead editors to think twice about publishing certain kinds of national security revelations. That is the sum total of it.

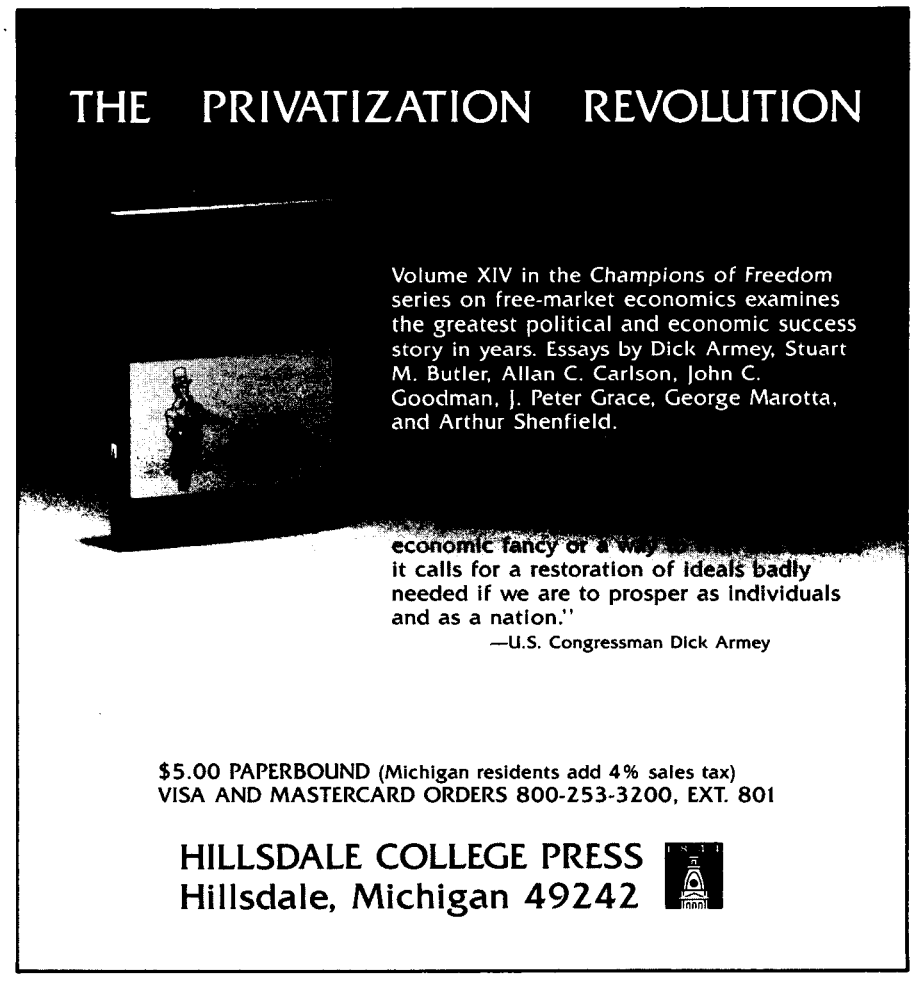
The media don't like that because they want to decide what should be published and what should be secret—they don't want anyone else horning in on their act. As the ACLU's Morton Halperin put it, "There's nothing in the statute that distinguishes between government officials and the press, and under the court's legal interpretation it could be used against the press."

Exactly right. If citizens are forbidden to reveal damaging information to unauthorized persons, then no class of citizens is exempt. Journalists are just like the rest of us. I believe that most informed people of good will agree that there are certain kinds of information that should not be published or broadcast, for precisely the same concern that led to the passage of the Espionage Act. There are two serious questions at stake here: Who defines what is damaging to national security? And how can the media and the government reach a working relationship in which reasonable decisions on publication or broadcast of potentially sensitive information are made, and there is a mechanism for enforcement (that is, penalties for those who break the rules)?

There isn't room here to cover all the angles, but here are a few thoughts to keep you going for a month:

•There is going to have to be some kind of mixed government/media/legal panel to give advice (or actually make decisions?) on whether a given story is publishable or not. Both sides will hate it, because the media want to decide these things themselves, and the gov-

Michael Ledeen is senior fellow in international affairs at the Center for Strategic and International Studies in Washington, D.C.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ernment thinks only it should decide when things are "properly classified." The comparison that comes to mind is the Ratings Board for the Motion Picture Association, except that the media board will have to have some enforcement capability.

•It will be argued that this is censorship. It is. But we have it already. There is a law that forbids publication of information about "Signals Intelligence." It has never been applied, so nobody knows whether it would stand up in court, how sweeping its scope really is, or anything else about it. Yet any journalist who writes about intelligence could very easily be prosecuted under the law. We need some Supreme Court decisions, and with the Morison case on the books, the government should quickly charge some journalist with a violation of the SIGINT law and get a ruling. It may be that these laws need some changes, but at present the media are acting like ostriches, hoping no one will notice them since they have put their heads in the sand.

•Journalism today is the only profession with no procedure for enforcing accountability. Lawyers, doctors, even college professors have to respond to professional boards that evaluate their qualifications and their standards of performance. Why should journalists be different?

More on this next month.

Jewish Ritual Murder, Updated

On Sunday, January 24, the second-largest newspaper in Guatemala, *El Grafico*, ran a sensational story, according to which Guatemalan babies were being purchased by Israelis and then shipped to the United States and Israel where they were dismembered in order to provide transplants for local babies. The story was picked up by the joint Spanish-Central American news agency ACAN-EFE, and wired all over Central America and Spain. As usual, it took some time for the truth to catch up with the front page, and by the time the United States and Israeli embassies had asked the Guatemalan officials to investigate the charges (the allegation had appeared once before, and believe it or not, the U.S. government actually had the FBI investigate it), and the Guatemalans had assured the world there was no truth to the story, the damage was done.

A minor, intriguing, possibly irrelevant footnote: the EFE correspondent in Guatemala City was at the time sharing an office with the *Prensa Latina* (Cuban) correspondent.

Headline of the Month

From the *New York Times*, Saturday April 2, the (three-column) headline on the "jump" for a story reporting that Independent Counsel McKay had no reason to indict Attorney General Meese: "No Indictment of Meese Planned Yet." In short, if you don't like the news today, pretend it's only a matter of time before things get better.

Runner-up goes to the *Washington Post*, April 1 (but they missed the joke): "Hungary Welcomes Refugees From Rumania. Thousands Have Sneaked Across Border in Flight From Alleged Repression."

Unreported Story of the Month

A fellow named William Biggert, who entered Israel in early March with documentation showing he was a staff photographer for the *Village Voice*, was found to have joined local Arabs in throwing rocks at Israeli soldiers in Nablus. Charges were filed against him, and he was ordered to appear in court, but Biggert left the country before the hearing. It was the first time a foreign journalist or photographer had been charged with participation in a violent disturbance, according to Israeli radio. The broadcast said that the executive editor of the *Voice* confirmed that Biggert worked for them, but said he was not a staff photographer.

I guess it's the latest in advocacy journalism. □

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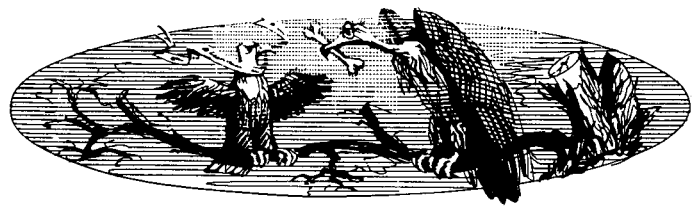


THE SELLING OF AMERICA

by Irwin M. Stelzer

We are being attacked by "a highly organized economic system, based on enormously large units, nourished by an industrial-academic-governmental complex and stimulated, financed and girded by the national government." Richard Gephardt's 1988 description of Japan, Inc.'s assault on American markets? No: Historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s 1968 description of American penetration of European markets, written as a foreword to J. J. Servan-Schreiber's *The American Challenge.*

In that then-much-heralded work, Servan-Schreiber saw Europe's "economic system . . . in a state of collapse. . . . [We] watch American investment skim gently across the earth like the fabled swallow, and watch what it takes away. . . ." And now it's Europe's turn, and Asia's, to take over America. Or so some of our xenophobic businessmen, and their congressional allies, would have us believe.

Now, no one can deny that every country must prevent some of its industries from falling into the hands of foreigners even though, in a national emergency, most facilities can be seized by our government. But the danger points are few. We already, for example, prevent foreigners from owning U.S. airlines or television stations. But does anyone doubt that American travelers would be better off if British Airways' superior managers took over Continental, or BBC programmers took over a few TV stations? And how would our security be threatened if they did?

One need not be a cynic to doubt that businessmen opposed to "the selling of America" are largely unconcerned about national security. They worry, instead, about their jobs. For foreign acquisitions are only one part, and a small one at that, of a merger movement that continues to regard its repeated death notices as premature.

Three times we have read that particular obituary. First, Ivan Boesky confessed to insider trading (and then wired himself so that he could gather just a few more bits of inside information—these for federal prosecutors). This led Wall Street sages to assume that arbitrageurs, who generally helped the raiders to gain control of their targets by buying large blocks of stock and then voting with the takeover team, would no longer play that game.

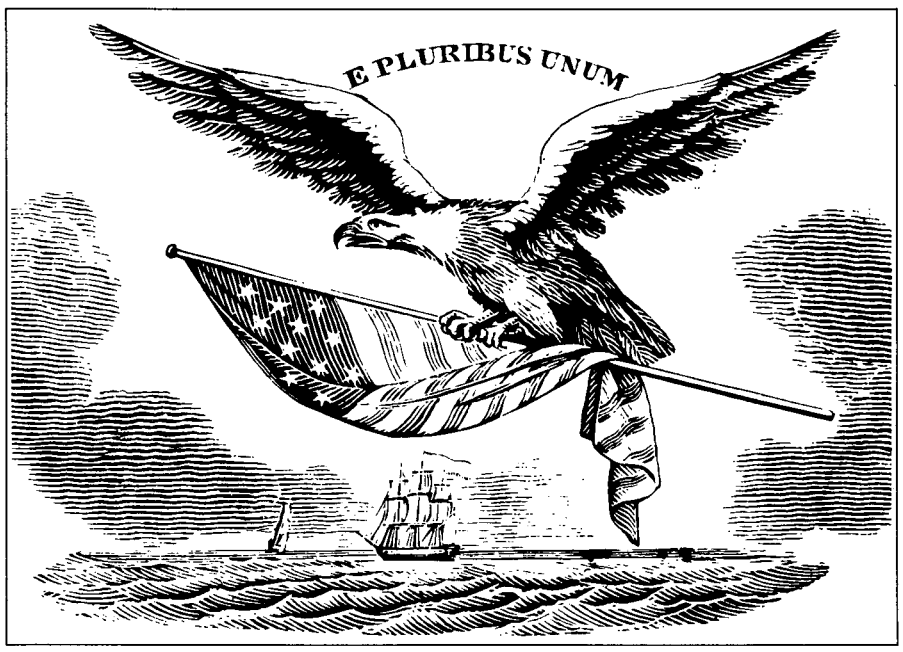
Then Drexel Burnham, the founder of and major player in the misnamed "junk bond" market, began to have troubles with the Securities and Exchange Commission. Since the sale of this higher risk debt is a crucial source of financing for takeovers, pundits declared that the crippling of Drexel (in fact, its business rolled along) would so reduce liquidity in the junk bond market as to make such borrowing unavailable to the Goldsmith-Pickens crowd.

Finally, the October 19 collapse of share prices rattled the investment community. Once again, the experts argued that acquirers, no longer able to pay for their acquisitions with high-priced stock, would be forced to the sidelines.

All of these predictions ignored one fundamental fact: the wave of acquisitions has been triggered by basic economic forces which make many companies worth more in the hands of new managers. Some have bloated payrolls and overcrowded executive suites; some are conglomerates of unrelated enterprises, the value of whose parts exceeds the value of the combined enterprise; others are in the hands of managers who act as if the internationalization of business and the globalization of finance hasn't happened; still others are simply worth more combined with another firm.

Boesky's troubles, the SEC investigation of Drexel, and the drop in share prices could not change that fact. And they didn't.

So far this year, takeover bids valued at close to $90 billion have been announced, about twice the amount as in the same period in 1987. Many deals have been prompted by the very fall in share prices that was supposed to mark the death knell of mergers. The drop did, after all, create bargains—companies whose market value was cut to levels that made them attractive to potential buyers.



Financing is no problem. One deal maker says that it is so easy to raise money, "it's kind of scary." This is because, as still another merger maven puts it, "the world is awash in cash." Insurance companies are competing with one another to make cash available to acquirers. So, too, commercial banks: with new loans to so-called Third World countries clearly unattractive, banks need new business. And what could be better than lending to top companies bent on sound acquisitions? Add to this source the continued availability of junk bond financing, and it becomes clear that financing is no constraint.

Nor is there any shortage of ideas. Some 50,000 investment bankers, commercial bankers, and lawyers spend their days—and nights—looking for deal-making opportunities and a chance to earn impressive fees. In Campeau's successful hostile bid for Federated Department Stores, for example, the commercial and investment bankers took in between $250 and $300 million. The securities industry as a whole now earns about one-third of its profits from mergers and acquisitions. And commercial banks' placement fees for syndicating loans are so attractive that, according to America's preeminent merger lawyer, Joe Flom, they are falling over each other to finance acquisitions.

Acquisitions, in short, are no longer peripheral to the main activity of American corporations. They have become an integral part of corporate strategies. Indeed, so vigorous and deep has the market for companies become that it is now not very different from the market for real estate or other big-ticket assets. Buyers and sellers abound; assets can be valued with some precision; financing is almost routine.

Panicky managers, some seeing a threat to their jobs, others genuinely concerned that takeover threats make long-range planning difficult, failed to persuade Congress to adopt anti-take-

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Irwin M. Stelzer, who with this issue begins a new monthly business column for The American Spectator, *is the director of Harvard University's Energy and Environmental Policy Center and the U.S. political and economic correspondent for the* Sunday Times *of London.*

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over measures. But they did get the state of Delaware, where most major companies are incorporated, to adopt what has been widely trumpeted as an anti-takeover statute. The law does make it a bit more difficult to offer to buy only some of a company's shares, and it does place some restrictions on the activities of anyone who has acquired 15 percent of a company's stock.

But the Delaware statute was never intended to stop takeovers. Rather, it was designed to restrict certain of the acquirers' tactics. Testimony as to its limited reach comes from three sources. Michael Goldman, chairman of the Delaware bar's Takeover Law Subcommittee, says, with unlawyerlike directness, that Delaware's law "is not designed to take a side on . . . takeovers. . . . It does not ban takeovers." Second, Marty Lipton, the New York lawyer famous for his anti-takeover defenses and rhetoric, feels the Delaware law is inadequate to discourage raiders. And Louis Perlmutter, a leading investment banker with Lazard Frères, has said he doesn't think it likely that the new law will have any significant effect on the pace of merger activity.

Ineffective in Congress, unprotected by the new Delaware law, some of America's businessmen are thus trying to use the fear of foreign acquisitions to whip up anti-takeover sentiment.

But America must somehow finance its trade deficit. One way is to borrow dollars from foreigners who have accumulated them by selling goods and services to us. That's what the Treasury has been doing. Another way is to induce foreigners to invest those dollars here—to buy real estate, factories, businesses. That's how we got our railroads built in the nineteenth century, and that's probably how we're going to get a lot of our automobiles built in the latter part of the twentieth.

The reasons are simple: foreigners are loaded with American dollars; the decline in the dollar has made American assets cheap, in terms of yen, marks, and pounds; and the costs of internationalization are dropping. MIT's Charles Kindleberger pointed out in a recent lecture at the University of Cambridge that the geographical area over which a company can effectively manage its operations "depends upon the costs of transport and communications." Since both of those costs are falling sharply, the geographic reach of the world's corporations is increasing. Add to that the internationalization of the capital markets which are now so liquid, and you have a recipe for international acquisitions.

So the Japanese have bought Firestone Tire; the British, three of America's largest advertising agencies and button-down America's Brooks Brothers clothiers; the Germans, U.S. chemical producer Celanese; the Canadians, yuppiedom's heaven, Bloomingdale's. In all, direct foreign investment in the U.S. grew by 20 percent last year, to about $250 billion, with British acquirers leading the way.

And we are likely to see a continued high level of merger and restructuring activity, with both domestic and foreign firms competing vigorously for assets they feel are worth more to them than they are in the hands of existing managers. The Japanese, in particular, are expected to become more vigorous acquirers of American properties. The Firestone acquisition showed them to be determined bidders, and the close relationships that exist between Japan's industrial companies and its major banks should provide the former with flexibility and muscle.

All of this is good news, and not only for fee-earning bankers and renascent arbitrageurs (the latter earned more in January-March than in any previous quarter). American consumers will be the ultimate beneficiaries of the redeployment of corporate assets into their highest-value uses. □

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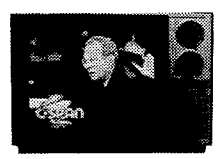

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NIXON AT THE KENNEDY CENTER

by Martin Morse Wooster

I enjoyed the form letter I was sent one cold winter day by Mary Johnson, Media Relations for Music, The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts.

Johnson was selling a production of the new opera *Nixon in China.* The opera, she wrote, "offers us a rare chance" to view "in the context of an artistic setting" the "momentous 1972 journey of Richard Nixon to the then-closed China of Chairman Mao."

The production was not, she emphasized, a dull history lesson. The "once-in-a-lifetime event," she continued, would thrill me and chill me with its music, its choreography, and "its arresting stage set which includes a life-size model of the presidential aircraft and an enormous poster of Mao, out of whose mouth the Red Army spews."

"Nothing can match the experience of being at the Kennedy Center as history is replayed," she continued, as singers *portraying actual characters*—guys like Nixon, Mao, Chou En-lai—"and the Red Army burst into physical reality on the stage of the Opera House."

It wasn't just the vivid prose that thrilled me, or even Johnson's unnatural passion for the Red Army, but the chance of seeing *hundreds of people* burst and spew on stage like so many half-formed popcorn balls—well, you didn't see that every day. No doubt that was why music critics across America were scaling incoherent heights in their praise of the work. "A milestone commanding future vistas of even greater promise," wrote the *Boston Globe.* "A socio-political morality play for the era of *glasnost* and Reaganomics," said the *Chicago Tribune.* "Superdrama of a continuing nature," said Nixon aide Leonard Garment, not previously known as a music critic. "A staggeringly good piece of work," chimed *Women's Wear Daily,* graced by "superheavy cultural credentials."

The opera was indeed sanctioned (and funded) by all the correct cultural authorities. No less than five arts organizations (among them the Kennedy Center, the Houston Grand Opera, and the Brooklyn Academy of Music) commissioned the composition. Two others—De Nederlandse Opera and the Los Angeles Music Center Opera Association—joined in the "presentation" of the production, spending nearly $2 million. And there was the obligatory public television broadcast.

With all the praise and all the lavish funding, I knew *Nixon in China* could be nothing less than a stunning, colossal failure. I wasn't disappointed.

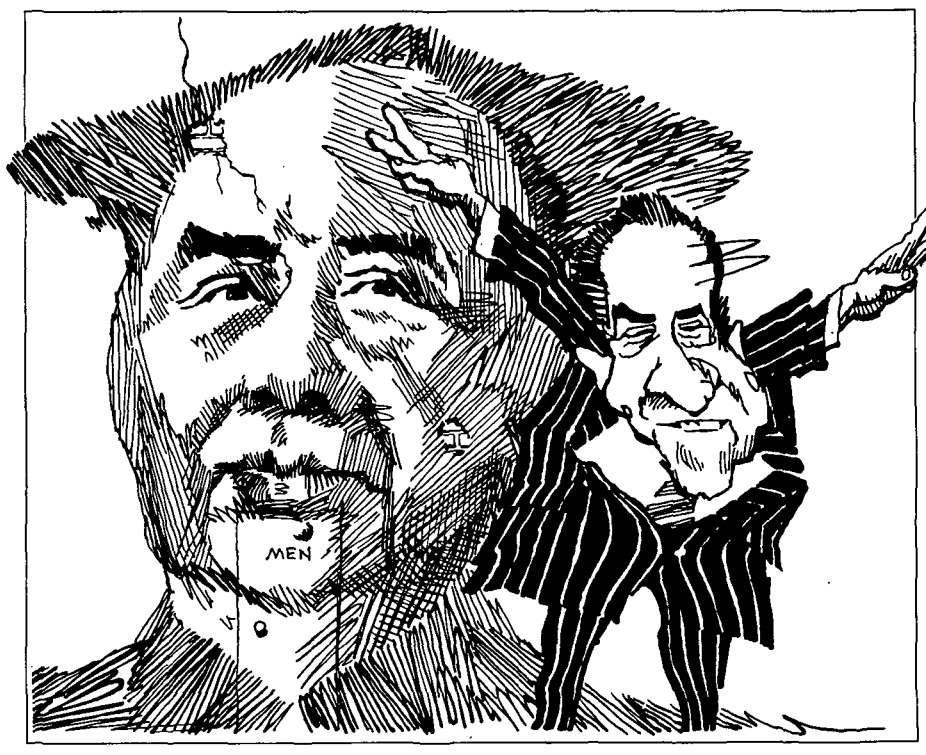
By all accounts, *Nixon in China* was created by a form of spontaneous combustion. Everyone involved was graduated from Harvard: the stage director, Peter Sellars (B.A., 1980; Phi Beta Kappa; Sheldon Travelling Fellow); the composer, John Coolidge Adams (B.A., 1969; M.A., 1972); and the librettist, Alice Goodman (B.A., 1980; Lloyd McKim Garrison Prize for Poetry, LeBaron Russel Briggs Thesis Prize, and the Roger Conant Hatch Prize for something or other).

The idea for the opera originated with Sellars. In 1982, he and Adams were working at the Monadnock Music Festival in New Hampshire. Sellars was preparing a version of Haydn's *Armida,* and decided to set the production in Vietnam. (Haydn, it turns out, was *really* writing an opera about "truth and beauty versus psychedelics and free love.") Having stuffed himself with Henry Kissinger's memoirs, Sellars proceeded to ask Adams if he would do an opera about Nixon in China. Adams, at the time, refused.

"For two years," Sellars told the *Washington Post,* "all we had was the title. It scans beautifully."

In late 1984, Adams agreed to do the opera—provided the libretto was in couplets. Sellars drafted Goodman, and, in December 1984, they met for four days in Washington, looked at some tapes of Nixon's trip, and went to work.

Their expensive educations had, if nothing else, taught the trio how to approach their work (or life). These were not hacks grinding out a musical. No, they were *artists,* and if Adams and Goodman fell short of Strauss and Hofmannsthal, they could, at least, agonize on cue.



Goodman, sequestered in the halls of Girton College, Cambridge, was determined to produce a "heroic opera." Heroism, for her, consisted not of action, but inaction; arguments were more important to her than deeds. She resolved to define character through laboriously collecting information. Having digested such books as Edgar Snow's *Red Star Over China,* the authorized edition of the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung,* and the immortal *We Will Always Remember Chou En-lai,* Goodman discovered that "certain facts became important." Mao, she wrote in a program note, derived his grandeur from "the way in which his writing takes the allusions of the Chinese literary pantheon" and for "his admiration of Western philosophy and the heroes of the American revolution." Nixon's heroism, on the other hand, derived not from his political career, but from "the various rented accommodations of the early years of [his] marriage."

Goodman spent seventeen months preparing, in couplets, a twenty-seven-page libretto. Adams, meanwhile, wrestled with even greater problems. For seventy years, since the death of Gustav Mahler, classical music had been losing its emotional vocabulary; since 1960 it has sometimes seemed as if composers did not want to produce work with *any* emotional content. As the musicologist Deryck Cooke once explained, by abandoning the musical vernacular, contemporary composers had limited themselves in the same way novelists would have if they were only allowed to derive their inspiration from *Finnegans Wake.*

So Adams decided to rebel from the "hot-house preciousness" of Anton Webern. But reaching back into music's past, he told *Harvard Magazine,* has problems. "Having to write a melody," he explained, "is not part of my repertoire."

While Goodman was procrastinating and Adams was attempting to reinvent a long-suppressed musical vocabulary, Sellars was busily establishing himself as the intellectuals' Dennis the Menace.

Martin Morse Wooster is an associate editor of the Wilson Quarterly.

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Hired in 1985 to be artistic director of the American National Theatre (an attempt to create an American counterpart to Britain's National Theatre or the Comedie Francaise), he had chosen to wrench the bloody heart out of Western theater and stomp on it. His first production was a *Henry IV* in which the same actor played Falstaff and Prince Hal. He followed this with a version of Sophocles' *Ajax* set on the steps of the Pentagon (with Ajax as a deaf Vietnam vet), and a production of Chekhov's *The Sea Gull* interrupted regularly by a laser light-show and a pianist playing Scriabin.

The Kennedy Center's audience, accustomed to a steady diet of Broadway road shows, Gershwin revivals, and the occasional new opera by such Puccini-and-pasta composers as Gian-Carlo Menotti and Thomas Pasatieri, knew one thing about Sellars's American National Theatre—they hated it. Faced with productions that routinely lost money (*Henry IV*, for example, lost $700,000), Sellars first moved to a smaller theater; then, in August 1986, on the second year of a five-year contract, he was given a "sabbatical" that quickly became permanent.

Nixon in China was the first Sellars production to play at the Kennedy Center since his dismissal. Perhaps that is why a pre-show discussion I attended was nearly sold out.

The discussion was held on the set of *Shear Madness*, a farce about deranged hairdressers. Sellars had abandoned his usual Japanese *happi* coat for an almost-normal light red suit. Accompanying him on stage were James Maddalena, who sang Nixon; Trudy Ellen Craney, who played Chiang Ching; and as moderator, one David Patrick Stearns, *USA Today*'s music critic. Stearns had prematurely-gray hair and a perpetual squint, as if wearing an invisible *pince-nez*.

Sellars, Stearns began, "gets extravagant reviews on both sides of the spectrum. His next production will be *The Marriage of Figaro* set on the 61st floor of the Trump Tower.

"Once I passed Mr. Sellars on the street," he continued. "*Less than sixty seconds later*, my front tire was flat. Are you telekinetic?"

Sellars chose not to answer the question. He rose and walked forward and began to conduct a revival meeting, treating the audience as sinners whose only hope of salvation was his vision of the theater. *Nixon in China*, Sellars said, is "really user-friendly. It isn't that hard. Have a *real experience*. People go to a cultural event to have an Official Cultural Experience, which means 'It was lovely.' " (*Tell it!*) "Opera's a great thing—you can sit there and think. What I love about this opera is that it keeps changing all night long. You set something up and *knock it down*." (*Amen!*) "You set up a whole dummy structure and *tear it to shreds*.

"Put five people in front of a Picasso —you get five different reactions. What we're doing is democratic. We allow people to think about things differently. When everyone has to hate it or love it—*that's fascism*!"

Stearns then asked Craney and Maddalena to explain how they interpreted their characters.

Craney, who without her makeup has the eager seriousness of a junior lawyer on "L.A. Law," said she approached the role of Chiang Ching "by reading a lot of biographies. I read a lot about the Cultural Revolution, which horrified me when I found out millions had died. I've been a slut, I've been a queen, but I've never played anyone so narcissistic as to have no conscience."

"I approached Richard Nixon like any other character—except that he's alive," said Maddalena, who up close looked more like Mussolini than Nixon. "He's a deeply, deeply private person who chose politics."

How humorous is the opera?

"*Of course* it's funny," Sellars said.

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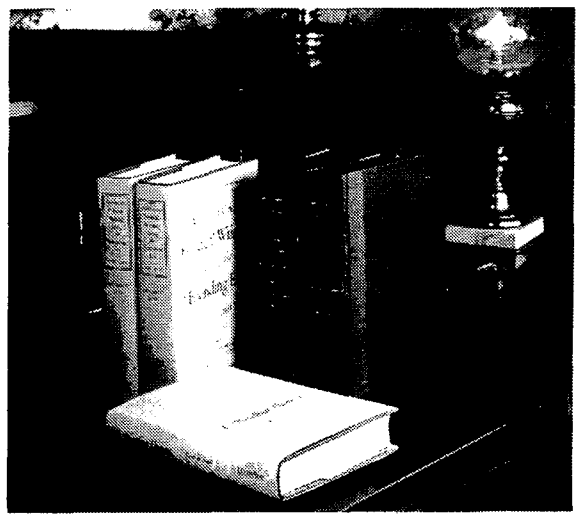

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"When we were in 1972, did we wear *that*? When you see what Pat Nixon's wearing, you will go crazy!"

Sellars went on, comparing himself to the Cubists and saying that the Chinese objected to the opera because "Madame Mao and Mao go to bed together."

There was time for one more question, from a woman in her early forties, with mousy gray hair and the officious tone of a minor bureaucrat.

"As a Maoist revolutionary," she said, "I'd like to say that the Cultural Revolution was extremely democratic. Does this opera deal with the truth?"

"The Cultural Revolution was the most *thrilling* event in the history of the world!" Sellars said. "We need a Cultural Revolution in our country. For a year, rail travel was *free*—and students got to know the country. I hope our presentation is not one-sided. We and they say the same things, and I hope the Chinese position is extremely justified [in the production]. We try to make all the characters and all the ideologies as eloquent as possible."

"I hope we don't shortchange women," Sellars added. "I think our production of *The Red Detachment of Women* is better than the original—a better score, and a better plot. I've always wanted to stage one of the ideologically pure ballets, but too many people had died."

The problem with *Nixon in China* is that it's about politics, but is written and produced by people who don't understand power. With no first-hand experience of the subject, the authors write about politics with the certainty of teenagers who know *exactly* what Daddy does in the office. Here is how the major characters were portrayed.

Richard Nixon. Nothing tricky about him. Just like your Uncle Bud from Dubuque, who can't stop telling old war stories. His greatest thrill prior to the China trip was running "Nick's Snack Shack" during the Guadalcanal campaign.

Pat Nixon. Utterly lacking in guile, her character is as open as a poached egg. She lives to collect toy elephants and wear prissy red dresses. "I don't daydream and I don't look back/in this world you can't count on luck," she explains.

Henry Kissinger. A fat oaf. He spends the first act staring at his ponderous gut and pretending to be James Bond. In the second act, he dresses like Mr. Fuji of the World Wrestling Federation and flogs slinky Chinese cuties with a whip, presumably because they wear red dresses.

Mao Tse-tung. A hero built of platitudes. He is so busy weaving deathless phrases ("History is a dirty sow/If by chance we escape her maw/she overlies us") that he has forgotten how to live. Unable to perform non-godlike acts, like sex.

Chiang Ching. A bitch. Just like Joan Collins on "Dynasty" or Jane Wyman on "Falcon Crest," except she wears glasses. The only character allowed to have passions.

Chou En-lai. The wisest man in China. Much more adept than Kissinger at bringing his boss down to earth. Naturally, this means he has very little to say.

As for the music, it was clear that Adams had not recaptured the lost vernacular. Most of the score was repetitive ("doodlydoodlydoodlydoodly," said Bob Mondello in Washington's *City Paper*), an endless *ostinato* theme halfway between a hurdy-gurdy and a headache. The only grandeur in the work was a few bits where Adams allowed himself to rob the dead; what melodies there were had been borrowed from Wagner and Glenn Miller.

The plot was, despite Sellars's protests, quite simple. In the first act, Pat and Dick land (in a wooden Air Force One), are greeted by dozens of Chinese, hold a discussion with Mao, and attend a lavish banquet. In the second act, Pat Nixon visits a school and the Ming Tombs, then she and spouse attend the ballet and learn of Henry Kissinger's secret fantasy (flogging women). In the third act, all the characters lie in bed and dream about the good old days, when men were men, counter-revolutionary elements were counter-revolutionary elements, and soldiers could stand Richard Nixon's cooking.

The production wasn't *unfair* to Nixon, it simply removed his fire, reducing one of the most complex politicians of our time to a cliché-spewing fountain of niceness, much more like Jimmy Carter than the long-dreaded Tricky Dick. About ten minutes of the opera were faintly interesting, namely at the end of the second act, where, if only for a moment, you could glimpse that Chiang Ching was something nastier than a simple television villainess. (As someone said during the second act intermission, "You have to admit, they did have a problem with Madame Mao. After all, she *did* kill people.")

As I left, I was cheered by a couple near me who were ferociously debating the opera. She was attacking the production; he was defending it. "Realism and this show are two different things," she said.

Her date preferred to compare Adams to other contemporary composers. "Well, at least it's better than Steve Reich," he said.

"Yeah, or Phillip Glass," she added. "At least Adams uses more than one note." □

AMERICAN HEROES

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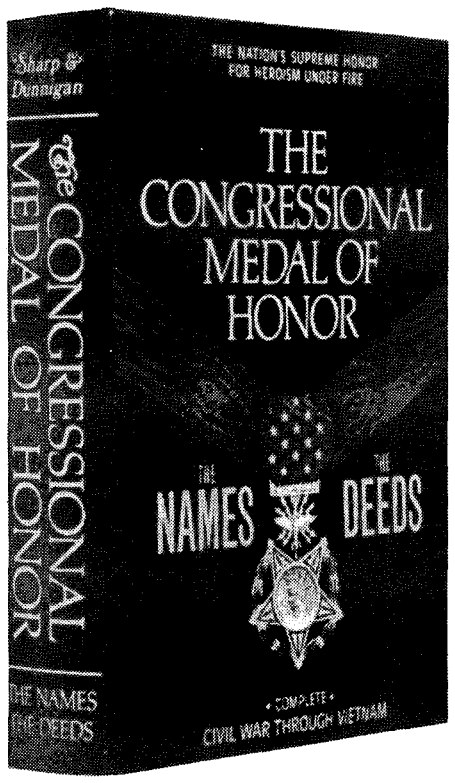

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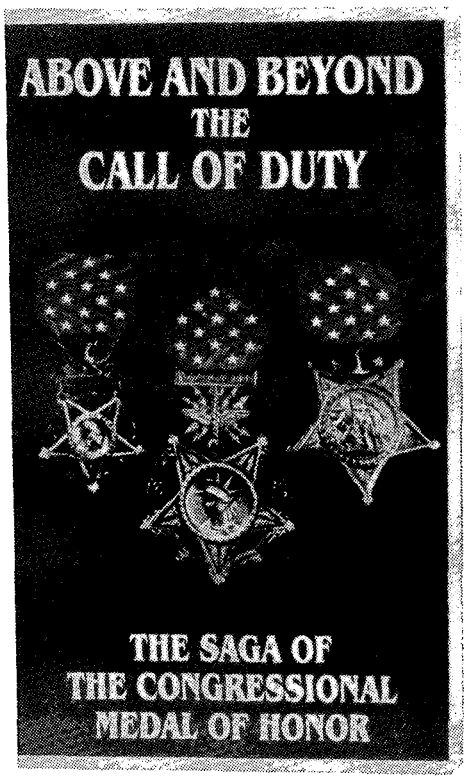

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ZERO FOR FOUR

by Bruce Bawer

Much as I admired Jay McInerney's clever novel *Bright Lights, Big City*, I fully expected the movie to be awful. Yes, the book has a zippy pace, a clean story line—our unnamed young hero, supposedly anguished over his wife's recent desertion and over his inability to get a writing career underway, drinks too much vodka and snorts too much coke and consequently screws up royally on a fact-checking assignment at the *New Yorker*-type magazine that he works for, thereby losing his job—but otherwise it's far from promising feature-film material. For one thing, it's largely about writing and editing, and though fiction that contemplates such things can be quite compelling, it is exceedingly difficult to make them anything but deadly dull on screen. Who, after all, wants to see a Major Motion Picture about fact-checking? Equally problematic is that the book's most distinctive feature is its second-person narration: the hero is referred to throughout as "you." This device gives the book a very special feel—and how to translate *that* to film?

Given these formidable impediments to cinematic adaptation, the movie that McInerney and director James Bridges have fashioned proves to be rather a pleasant surprise. It is remarkably faithful to the novel, both in structure and spirit; I was impressed by how well the filmmakers have managed, sequence by sequence, to capture the tone of the original, and amazed by the degree to which some of the scenes looked the way I had imagined them when I read the book.

To be sure, the film doesn't really work as a whole in the way that the novel does. Toward the end one realizes that there is simply no way that Bridges and McInerney—who are clearly about to follow the novel faithfully to its conclusion, wherein we learn what's *really* tormenting our hero—will save this picture from falling apart. For one perceives that the eleventh-hour revelation—namely, that our hero's mother died exactly a year ago of cancer—won't wash on film. If McInerney got away with it in the novel, it's because the novel's whole chic, nightclubby environment utterly ignores the existence of such things as mothers and families, and the ending exposes the phoniness of this environment in a quietly effective manner that is perfectly in key with the contemplative state of mind of an individual reading a novel—a state of mind to which the protagonist's kinetic *Lebensart* is bound to feel alien, wrongheaded. In the highly charged social setting that is a movie theater, however, the ending of *Bright Lights* feels like a cop-out. Having presumably sensed that this ending would seem less justified on film, McInerney drops a few hints along the way, mostly in the form of brief memory flashes of our hero's bedridden mother writhing in pain; far from solving anything, however, these addenda come off as feeble attempts to disguise a structural flaw.

Yet if the film ultimately collapses, it offers many pleasures along the way. Aside from the fine direction and superb cinematography (by Gordon Willis), it's rich in memorable characterizations: Swoosie Kurtz's sympathetic coworker, Frances Sternhagen's spinsterish supervisor, Jason Robards's has-been writer. (Alas, John Houseman's imposing editor-in-chief is the usual Professor Kingsfield retread.) Most striking of all is Dianne Wiest, seen in flashback as the mother; despite the brevity of her on-camera time, her performance is rich and strong and acutely moving. And there are funny moments—notably a sequence involving a ferret and a goofy line delivered in a perfect deadpan by a blond transvestite.

Even Michael J. Fox, an actor of narrow range, is often surprisingly effective as the leading character (who's been dubbed Jamie Conway). But Fox's modest size and boyish appearance create problems. When he stares bleakly at his dissipated self in a bathroom mirror, he looks less like a drug-ravaged wreck than like a Cub Scout who's had one too many malteds; likewise, when he drags himself out of his disheveled bed, wearing only underwear, after a day-long post-party snooze, he looks as if he's all of eleven years old. Once or twice (e.g., when Swoosie spurns a sexual come-on and mothers him instead), this childlike appearance seems a plus; but more often it works against the filmmakers' intentions. At times, moreover (e.g., when he opens Swoosie's medicine cabinet and exclaims, "Valium—all *right*"), Fox falls back noticeably upon the limited repertoire of gesture, expression, and inflection that is Alex Keaton, the character he plays on the TV series "Family Ties." Even more miscast is Phoebe Cates as his fashion-model wife Amanda; though attractive, she is hardly the "gorgeous, gorgeous creature" that everyone in the film considers her to be. She certainly doesn't look much like a fashion model; indeed, she's hardly taller than Fox.

About fifteen minutes into *The Milagro Beanfield War*, the friend I'd brought with me leaned over and whispered: "I'm so glad this movie isn't taking sides!" He was being sarcastic. Boy, was he being sarcastic. This picture—the first to be directed by Robert Redford since his Oscar-winning directorial debut in *Ordinary People*—is so crudely tendentious that it brought back memories of some of the more shrill and phony populist movies of the 1930s. The good guys here are the dirt-poor, predominantly Hispanic, salt-of-the-earth residents of tiny Milagro, New Mexico (*milagro* is Spanish for "miracle"); the bad guys are the Anglo developer Ladd Devine (Richard Bradford) and his political cronies (among them the governor, played by M. Emmett Walsh) who are planning to surround the town with the Miracle Valley Recreation Area, "the largest leisure-time development" in the state's history. And believe me, such evil-looking fat cats haven't been seen on film since the days of Edward Arnold.

The "war" of the title—actually more of a skirmish—begins when Joe Mondragón (Chick Vennera) defies the Anglos' plans by irrigating (with public water) and then seeding his beanfield, which, we learn, is "in the middle of what's going to be the thirteenth fairway" of the Miracle Valley golf course. Milagro activist Ruby Archuleta (Sonia Braga), the local auto mechanic, is heartened by Joe's action; watching the stolen water pour onto his land, she declaims (to no one except us, and in a voice reminiscent of La Pasionaria at her most *apasionada*): "I knew José Mondragón couldn't go through his whole life without attempting at least one great thing."

What flatness, what preachiness, what solemnity! (*Ordinary People*, you'll recall, was likewise something of a stiff sermon masquerading as poignant human drama.) Vennera walks through the whole picture with a single expression of fatuous, bemused defiance; Braga, for her part, plays Ruby as one of those awful liberated women who seem to have exchanged all their warmth and gentleness for a sexless, steely determination—and of course we're supposed to admire the hell out of her for it. But it's impossible to admire any of the too-numerous characters in this film, because it's impossible to feel anything for them; they're not human beings, they're one-dimen-

Bruce Bawer is The American Spectator*'s movie reviewer. His latest book,* Diminishing Fictions*, was published this spring by Graywolf Press.*

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sional icons of noble poverty, courtesy of the cliché-infested, liberal-guilt-ridden imagination of a rich white movie star.

Like others of his breed, Redford patronizes Hispanics without even realizing it: arguably, the film's real hero is not a Latino but an Anglo, Charlie Bloom (John Heard), a Milagro newspaperman and "progressive lawyer" who says things like, "These are not the sixties . . . nobody gives a shit anymore." Since Heard looks quite a bit like Redford, and delivers a performance chock-full of Redfordisms, it is hard not to identify him with Redford—especially when the feisty-but-unlovable Ruby, stung by his initial reluctance to join her revolution (well, there has to be *some* drama), spits out an accusation: "You're a tourist. . . . When things get rough you run away to somewhere comfortable." This is, most assuredly, a tourist's film; watching it, you picture Redford sitting in his Fifth Avenue apartment, sipping cappuccino and trying out script ideas on his valet: "How does this sound, Pablo?"

What a bad movie! In one scene the peasants actually sing "Cielito Lindo." Among the unsatisfactory supporting players is Christopher Walken, whose performance as a slimy lawman named Kyril Montana is not only wooden but inchoate (why does he suddenly seem to turn friendly at the end?). Though Robbie Greenberg's cinematography, moreover, is (inappropriately) gorgeous, the dubbing and continuity are often surprisingly sloppy (Joe's bean plants, for instance, inexplicably shrink from one scene to the next). And though Redford aims essentially for a *Grapes of Wrath*-style poetic naturalism, he also features a disconcerting touch of south-of-the-border "magic realism" in the form of a Shakespeare-quoting angel (Roberto Carricart) who is invisible to everyone except Milagro's oldest resident, the devout Amarante Córdova—played by Carlos Riquelme, who gives the second most endearing performance in the film (the most endearing is that of his pet pig).

What's more, there are several utterly gratuitous characters, notably Herbie Platt (played by the irritating, overexposed Daniel Stern), an NYU grad student in sociology who has (quite unbelievably) come to Milagro for six months to write his thesis, and who—although Redford doesn't seem to realize it—comes off as impossibly stupid, even for an NYU grad student in sociology. (His first question to old Amarante: "What does Milagro mean?" He hasn't even bothered to learn Spanish!) Based on the novel by John Nichols and filmed from a script by Nichols and David (*The Sting*) Ward, this is a film that only Phil Donahue could love.

For an equally silly look at the other end of the economic scale, there's *Masquerade*, which is set in the Hamptons and is positively awash in mansions, yachts, dinner jackets, dinner parties, and stately WASP surnames. It's an entertainingly dopey thriller—with an increasingly byzantine (and increasingly improbable) plot—of the marry-her-and-murder-her type; as in all these films (*Dial M for Murder*, *Suspicion*), the big question is whether the sweet young heiress's penniless-but-dashing young consort will actually knock her off. Meg Tilly, in the role of Olivia Lawrence ("the richest nice kid on the East Coast"), is probably the best performer here, but she has little to do except to look innocent and credulous and to gaze adoringly into the utterly vacant baby blues of Rob Lowe, whom director Bob Swaim and writer Dick Wolf expect us to buy as a yacht captain ("the youngest guy on the Southern ocean racing circuit"). The nicest thing one can say about Lowe is that, for once, he's not the movie's major deficiency; indeed, not only is *Masquerade* very poorly directed and written (a commonplace enough phenomenon in expensive Hollywood pictures), but its lighting, sound, and cinematography are of low-budget-horror-movie quality; the editing is so incompetent that I sometimes thought I was viewing a rough cut. To an astonishing degree, *Masquerade* is itself a masquerade—an amateurish production being marketed as the work of pros.

In *Biloxi Blues*, on the contrary, we see an astonishing example of professionalism gone awry. What writer, after all, has won more renown than Neil Simon—who adapted the screenplay from his hit Broadway show—for his sheer *craft*, his gift for slick contrivance? Yet *Biloxi Blues*, which follows Brooklyn boy Eugene Morris Jerome (Matthew Broderick), the hero of last year's *Brighton Beach Memoirs*, to boot camp in 1945, suffers from Simon's congenital weaknesses—formulaic characters, plots, and situations; cheap sentiment; predictable jokes about the heat and the food—without partaking of any of his usual strengths: shape, focus, and a generous proportion of big laugh lines. The supposed reason for the lack of structure and for the relatively paltry number of good jokes is that the story is autobiographical: according to Eugene's wrap-around voice-over (which we are plainly being begged to accept as the voice of Simon), everything in the picture really happened to the writer when he was young. But if this is the case, then why are the characters here even more plastic than is usual in his work? Besides, shouldn't consummate pro "Doc" Simon know better than most of us that being true doesn't make a story worth telling?

For there simply isn't much worth telling here: Eugene isn't that interesting, the other guys in his platoon aren't that interesting, and very little that happens to them is that interesting. Granted, it's funny when Eugene loses his virginity to a prostitute—but it's funny more because of the boy's clumsiness, as enacted by Broderick and directed by Mike Nichols, than because of any lines in Simon's script. The rest of the movie consists mostly of disconnected episodes with no dramatic point and little or no comedic payoff: Eugene meets and romances a girl named Daisy (who, to all intents and purposes, remains nothing more than a name); his intellectual platoonmate Epstein (who at times comes off as a Woody Allen parody) challenges the disciplinary methods of creepy, laconic Sergeant Toomey (Christopher Walken again—one is tempted to say naturally); his platoonmate Hennessey is caught *in flagrante* with a fellow soldier and carted off to prison. And so forth. Result: a good chuckle here, a sober moment there, a few touches of sentimentality. But nothing more. Every now and then Simon seems to be taking fitful stabs at some large and serious theme or other, some statement about memory and youth, or love and war, or differences and prejudice. The images never cohere into a vision, though, and in the end the film seems little more than a harmless assortment of nostalgic clichés. □

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BOOK REVIEWS

THE SUICIDAL CORPORATION

Paul H. Weaver/Simon and Schuster/$18.95

Edith Efron

The Suicidal Corporation is the story of how a neoconservative scholar walked through a minefield of leftist literature on the corporations and came out at the other end to discover that he had become a libertarian. It is a historically startling and politically adventurous book, an attack on "oligopoly," on "corporatism," and on the liberal "corporate welfare state" by an individualist-capitalist who is shooting at both the corporations and at Big Government with collectivist-socialist ammunition. The publisher describes *The Suicidal Corporation* as a book written "in the tradition of John Kenneth Galbraith's *New Industrial State*—but from a free market perspective . . ."—a remarkably accurate description, and one which would bring the identical mystified expression to the faces of both John Kenneth Galbraith and Milton Friedman.

In fact, one cannot read this book without being ceaselessly aware of its conflicting audiences, who will be given a ride on a political roller coaster of a kind they have never before experienced. I shall try, throughout this review, to capture the perspectives of the various groups to whom the author is speaking.

The Suicidal Corporation was written by Paul Weaver, a former professor of government at Harvard and a former senior editor of *Fortune*. An executive at the Ford Motor Company for two years, he made a series of shocking observations about corporate psychology and behavior. The experience led him to immerse himself in the vast literature of corporate history to discover the origins of the pattern he had found. The result was a devastating analysis of the economic irresponsibility of Big Business and a report on an emerging corrective—and an astonishing solution of his own. Those are the three sections of this closely reasoned book. Written in a lively style and crammed with documentation to support his points, it is, simultaneously, a book on economics and a book of ideas.

Weaver's observations at Ford, in the late 1970s, where he was director of economic communications—a job he naively imagined would be an intellectual activity—are the springboard to his examination of a century of corporate history. Here are some of his most traumatic discoveries, minus the detailed observations of public policy problems in which they are embedded:

•He found that the corporate public affairs "mind"—my word—was secretive: it would only release Good News, it concealed Bad News.

•He found that, save for publicly verifiable fact, the corporate "mind" frequently told lies—gratuitous lies. It lied even when it was in its own interest to tell the truth.

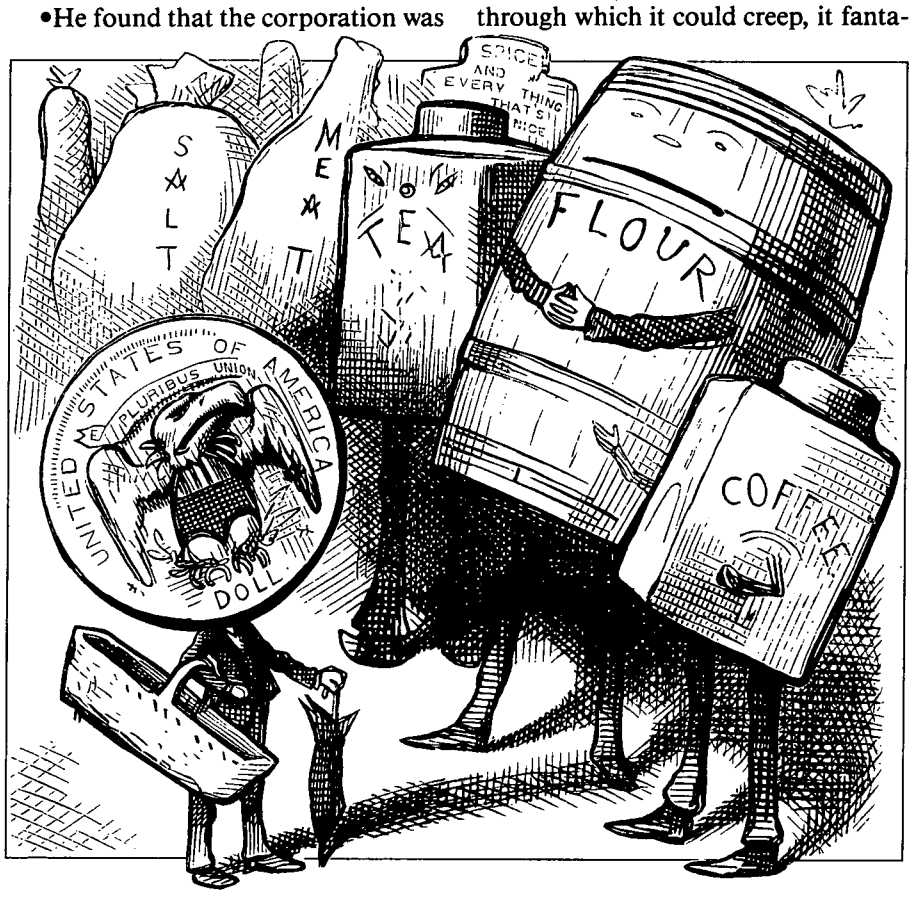
•He found that the corporation was not a victim of the state but its accomplice: although this corporate "mind" mechanically recited the litany of "free enterprise" and complained ceaselessly about big government, it identified with the state, was hostile to the free market, and constantly invited or eagerly cooperated with government intervention for short-range advantage.

•He found that the corporation was not a victim of the liberal and radical pressure groups, but their pandering accomplice. To the very degree that groups were hostile to business, to that degree did this corporate "mind" respect them, and even fund them.

•He found that the corporation was a moral and ideological neuter; that it tolerated anybody and everybody's public policy, however damaging to itself, to business, to the economy. This public affairs "mind" viewed capitulation to destructive policies as "realistic."

•He found that this corporate "mind" saw public policy, whatever its nature—it had no policy of its own—solely as a means of extracting protection from the state or a competitive edge in its own narrow slice of the market (in this case, Ford vs. General Motors vs. Chrysler).

•He found that even as this corporate "mind" was blindly opportunistic, ceaselessly seeking "loopholes" through which it could creep, it fantasized and portrayed itself as a "statesman-altruist" dedicated to the public weal, and pompously scorned the very idea of open and honest advocacy as "self-interested."



Weaver diagnosed this corporate "mind" as "corrupt," "pathological," and "suicidal." He concluded that it was absurd to defend a "capitalist" institution which was hostile to capitalism, and immoral to defend such corruption. The shell-shocked neoconservative left Ford and returned to *Fortune* and to his neoconservative friends. At *Fortune*, he rapidly established for himself that he had not bumped into an aberrant corporation: in a 1981 survey of *Fortune* 500 CEOs, he found that more were alumni of Ford than of any other company. With his neoconservative friends, he quarreled. His story seemed bizarre to them, and his continued insistence that the public policy pattern he had discovered was of crucial importance seemed unreasonable. And indeed his story *is* bizarre to anyone who has not read about the phenomenon or witnessed it at first hand.

It is not bizarre to me. What Weaver was observing in 1978, I observed in the mid and late 1980s. After the publication of my own book on cancer, I found myself on a long lecture tour in the scientific world. Mostly I talked to scientists; but occasionally I met with corporate executives in the U.S., Canada, and West Germany. Although I met with no public affairs or PR executives—but with executives of research-intensive companies many of whom are themselves scientists who think and talk freely *in private*—I saw the identical corporate "pattern" in their *public* face and behavior. I find Weaver's brain scan accurate.

If this first part of Weaver's book will be fascinating to readers of all political colorations, the following section will make all of them tense as cats, for this is where Weaver undertakes his "Galbraithian" voyage. He read the established liberal classics of corporate history, he dug up original documentation, and he plowed through a mass of leftist and Marxist analyses (for it is primarily the left that constantly monitors the corporations). He reports that he assessed the solidity of the documentation and screened out the "tendentious." Leftists and Marxists will read away cheerfully until they discover that there is no social history in this

Edith Efron is the author most recently of The Apocalyptics: Cancer and the Big Lie *(Simon and Schuster).*

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book, thus that their most crucial symbolic events are missing; and they will find that this nationalist neoconservative has ruthlessly purged his work of Marxist "impurities." Pro-business conservatives will be glum and distrustful; they will seek out signs of leftist "contamination" and they will find it. Even after Weaver's furious cleansing, the body of facts is not part of the standard conservative repertoire. The reason for conservative gloom in this particular section is that Weaver discovered the birth of the attributes of the modern corporate "mind" in the minds of the "Robber Barons."

To his astonishment, Weaver discovered that the founding fathers of corporate America—Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, Carnegie, Mellon, Duke—were not the "ruthless individualists" of American (and conservative) legend. They were not advocates of dog-eat-dog laissez-faire capitalism who fought against the taming efforts of the state. On the contrary, he found they were "visionaries": they were revolutionary-scientific-collectivists who saw great uses for the state, had no use whatsoever for the free market, and wanted to organize and control their own markets. They were mortal enemies of Adam Smith: for Smith's "Invisible Hand" they sought to substitute "The Visible Hand" of "scientific" management. (This part of Weaver's analysis and the memorable phrase, "The Visible Hand," come from Alfred Chandler, the great Harvard historian of the corporations.) The founding fathers were advocates of "corporatism," which, says Weaver, "is the philosophy of government-given competitive advantage for business enterprise." They effectively made a deal with the state: the state would protect their interests and privileges in exchange for their proclamations of devotion to the public weal—*and in exchange for bureaucratic supervision and regulation*. They were, as one scholarly source puts it, the "prophets of regulation"; and Weaver, the neoconservative regulatory expert, was stunned.

The famous founding fathers practiced what they preached—up to a point, says Weaver. With their left hands, they gouged out special favors from the state (cartels, trusts, monopolies, tariffs, subsidies, land grants) and ruled over their "scientifically" organized fiefdoms. And with their right hands, they were altruists. They granted that profits were necessary, but ceaselessly proclaimed themselves—they are richly quoted by Weaver—to be dedicated, above all else, to society, to their communities, and to the welfare of others, and they invited regulatory supervision of their activities so that the public might oversee their works. And with a strange new strategy called "public relations" influenced by the latest beliefs of social science—the purpose of which, according to one of its founders, Edward L. Bernays, was to create an "invisible government"—they sought, says Weaver, to shape "everything from consumer demand to the decisions of government regulators." And one of the crucial tenets of this new "public relations" was to keep publicly verifiable facts true (again he quotes Bernays) after which the Great Corporatist Monarchs were free to say or conceal anything they chose.

Here, Weaver traps the beast he is searching for. This is recognizably the ancestral pattern. It was, says the now-angry Weaver, profoundly anti-democratic and hostile to the Jeffersonian center. He had believed, like many others in his world, that there had been a golden age of laissez-faire capitalism in the United States.

At this point, leftist and liberal scholars, who have been reading away attentively and cheerfully, will be astonished by Weaver's ignorance. Equally attentive conservative scholars will conclude with indignation that Weaver has overdosed on Marxist "social control theory." He hasn't. He has overdosed on "the two cultures,"

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RICHARD NIXON ON—

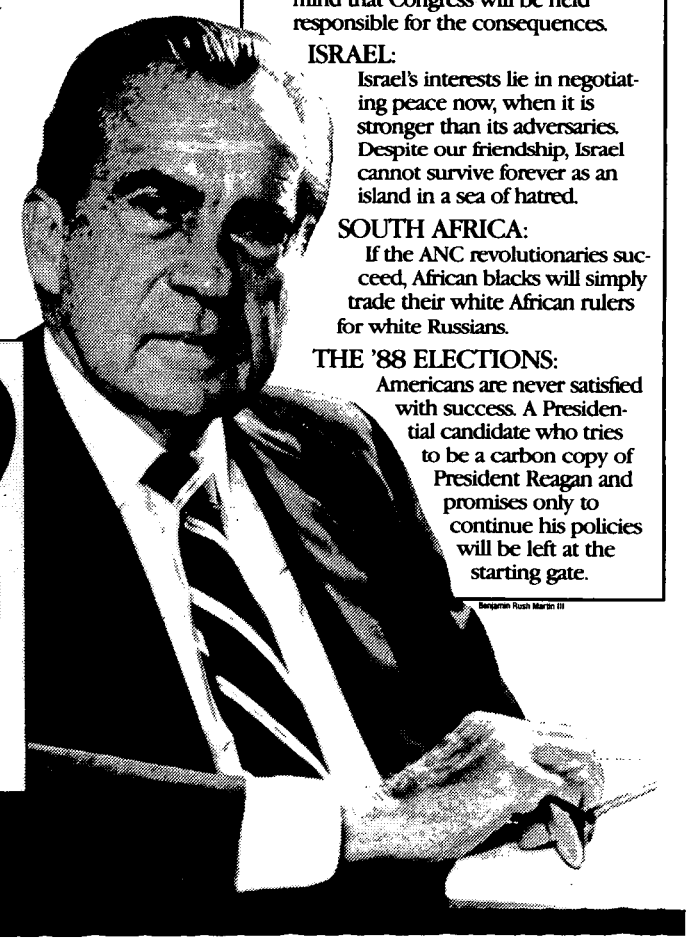
GORBACHEV:
It is a mistake to believe that Gorbachev is a foreign policy moderate. If his reforms succeed, the Soviet empire will be stronger and more dangerous.

AID TO THE CONTRAS:
Those in the House of Representatives who want to kill the cause of democracy in Nicaragua should keep in mind that Congress will be held responsible for the consequences.

ISRAEL:
Israel's interests lie in negotiating peace now, when it is stronger than its adversaries. Despite our friendship, Israel cannot survive forever as an island in a sea of hatred.

SOUTH AFRICA:
If the ANC revolutionaries succeed, African blacks will simply trade their white African rulers for white Russians.

THE '88 ELECTIONS:
Americans are never satisfied with success. A Presidential candidate who tries to be a carbon copy of President Reagan and promises only to continue his policies will be left at the starting gate.



1999

VICTORY WITHOUT WAR

RICHARD NIXON

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on the general humanist ignorance of science. Weaver discovered, accurately, that "the Robber Barons" were visionary-revolutionary-*scientific*-collectivists, but the only "scientific" thing he notices about them is negative: i.e., their *anti*-Adam Smithian "scientific" control of their markets. Had he simply added a classic history of basic science to his reading list, such as Richard Shryock's *American Medical Research: Past and Present* (1947), and had he consulted a solid scientist or professor of medicine who knew the history of basic science and *also* knew the history of the corporations (a combination only findable on the left), he would have learned that those Corporatist Monarchs saw science *and* social science as the future. They poured their princely philanthropies into the great scientific, medical, and social science institutes, foundations, and universities which still bear their names and from which have flowed, ever since, a wealth of *knowledge* of inestimable benefit to mankind. It was in their self-interest to do so, but in this realm (and others) their self-interest was confluent with the interest of the nation. Those men created scientific America! Indeed, they created the knowledge-producing classes. A few strong paragraphs of such information would have rendered Weaver's portrait of the "Robber Barons" more morally nuanced.

This omission of the scientific dimension is a flaw. But Weaver may take heart. That very same flaw mars not just a short section, but the entirety of a Pulitzer Prize-winning book: Richard Hofstadter's *Anti-Intellectualism in American Life* (1964).

Immediately after the "Robber Baron" section, the political climate changes for Weaver's readers. Leftist scholars (and liberals who have read them), who have been enjoying the narrative and smiling at Weaver's discomfiture, will abruptly stop smiling, because this is the point at which Weaver glides right through the "Galbraithian" looking glass. Having found the original pattern he was seeking, he moves quickly past the dying "Robber Barons," zips through the Depression and the New Deal, and traces the development of "corporatism" all the way to the Reagan era. In this long section, there will be pain on the left. There are no oppressed at home. There are no oppressed in the Third World. There are no multinational corporations. Weaver breathes the words "racism" and "imperialism" but once. He does not celebrate the death of the bourgeoisie; he worries about the *American* bourgeoisie. He fears their wealth will be run off with by capitalists from other countries for the benefit of *their* bourgeoisies. As I said earlier, this is clearly a nationalist neoconservative writing here, and the left will recognize this. They will find it morally despicable. Liberals will start moral muttering about *equality*.

Are the conservatives and neoconservatives now going to be happy? No. Throughout the next section, they will be progressively more miserable, because Weaver, intent on his quest, pays no attention to their moral philosophy. The libertarians will scarcely be miserable, but they will be agitated by *their* lack of moral philosophy; some will start scouring the pages for the word *liberty*.

In this section, which will arouse such dark moral emotions in all of Weaver's readers, the author is making horrifying discoveries, all of which are true. He discovers that FDR thought "corporatism" a fine thing and opened the flood gates to a veritable avalanche of corporatism. Gradually, Weaver sees the whole country turning into "corporatists," with everybody in sight seeking power and privilege from the state. And getting it. And most agitating to this author is the fact that all are using the very regulatory machinery created by the "Robber Barons" to strangle their descendants *and* that the descendants are letting them do it, indeed that they are collaborating in the process.

In a cold anger, Weaver lays out the clinical evidence of the corporations' collective loss of responsibility—more than twenty years of it, all involving the state, i.e., both political parties. He reviews the corporations' support for Nixon's wage and price controls. He shows how, along with liberal Democrats, the corporations fought for inflation. He shows how they fought against deflationary policies under Reagan, until they grasped the devastating consequences to themselves, to the business world, and to the country, and became frightened. He shows the economic incoherence of the Reagan Administration, in which both "corporatist" and free-market trends coexist and war, with neither Reagan nor the Republicans appearing to be disturbed by the self-contradictions.

Then he widens his lens to encompass the globe and shows the economy under pressure not only from within but from without. Now international competition is moving in on U.S. corporations for the first time in history and he shows the signs of increasing institutional panic. He shows that, as a group, business is splintering, degenerating. He shows that the great trade associations are devastated, as companies individually rush to the state to beg for protection in the face of the powerful new external competitors. He reports how lobbyists—the sign of the disintegration and panic—infest Washington, D.C. like fleas.

At this point, conservative readers will be prostrate with shock at Weaver's traitorous attack on the American economic system. Marxists will revive and grow frisky. They will strongly agree with Weaver that this is a "corporate welfare state"; they don't care if you call the system "corporatism" or "capitalism," it's simply the latest stage of the system and it is breaking down, as all along they have said it would. Libertarians, all of whom are the children, legitimate or illegitimate, of Ayn Rand, have also thought it was breaking down—that is one of the major themes dramatized in Rand's *Atlas Shrugged*—but few read socialist literature and never have they seen such a pile-up of evidence for the breakdown, on a strictly economic level. They will grow somber, some even hopeless. Liberals, who don't on the whole like businessmen, but do on the whole like to eat, will grow morose. At this instant, for maybe a millisecond, the only people in the world who will positively love this book are the Marxists.

But suddenly a shaft of light pierces the darkness. A corrective trend, a revolutionary trend, has appeared. A rescue force with high intelligence and an understanding of the international economy is on the march, the words "hostile takeover" emblazoned on its flag. An anti-protectionist, anti-parasitical free-market movement is emerging among energetic young businessmen and financiers. They are invading the market, taking over the "suicidal" corporations, and turning them into lean mean profit machines, so that they can compete in the global market. And a new generation of baby boomers with liberal social values is emerging in various parts of the land who are thinking in similar terms. There is a possibility, just a possibility—Weaver fervently hopes for it—that American businessmen will realize that the old system has stopped working, and that they will "convert" to capitalism. And here Weaver hoists his own libertarian flag on which are writ the words: "limited government," "individual rights," "property rights," "free market."

Once again, Weaver's political world shifts on its axis. Libertarians' eyes will fill with tears of relief. Free market financiers and corporatist subversives will suddenly arrive. Baby boomers with free-market propensities will bounce in, but will keep bouncing because they will not know where to put their liberal social values. Marxists will stomp off, although the smartest will stick around to see if they can figure out Weaver's fallacies. And conservatives, all, will stare into space with stony faces, visualizing the hordes of Hobbesian revelers who will come capering out from the tons of state under which they are now imprisoned, to engage in unspeakable innovations.

Then Weaver presents his own astonishing corrective. He intends *to speed things up* and to excise the corporatist ideology from the century-old institution. He tells executives they must learn to think differently, or they will be "taken over" or die. And he ends his book with twenty-two modest proposals, all pertaining to public policy. He equates his proposals to behavior-modification therapy and says they will help corporate executives to alter and retrain their thinking processes so that they can act in their own self-interest. His proposals are deceptively simple. In fact, they are a *photographic negative* of the corporate "mind" with which the book began, but which by the end of the analysis he has *proved* to be almost universal. The modest proposals are a list of the thinking processes in which that "mind" does *not* engage. They are, in their way, utterly devastating. It is their ineffable simplicity, their quietness, that tell one that the public affairs and policy minds do not know, *chronically* do not know, what they are doing. It is the greatest shock in *The Suicidal Corporation*.

Weaver is not omniscient. His book has flaws. Some are the flaws of a "convert" to capitalism who has learned, and explains with clarity, the *theory* of the free market, but has not yet integrated his theory into the *living* political and economic context where institutionalized, interdependent, and interlocked forces, a century of them, are blindly massed against all but the most minute change. He is a somewhat absent-minded "revolutionary": an intellectual revolutionary who does not scan the horizon for enemy

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machine-gun emplacements is a little thoughtless. Many, perhaps most, of his flaws are those of a man who accords primacy to economics over the culture, who pursues his economic thesis single-mindedly outside the complex historic, social, moral, scientific, and technological context, which leads him into a strongly expressed reductionism. Anti-reductionist readers who place primacy on the culture over economics, as do I, will all make variants of this criticism.

But, interestingly, these very weaknesses of Weaver's book also contribute heavily to its strengths. He has, in effect, conducted a century-long biopsy of a slice of tissue in a vital organ. A biopsy, by definition, is decontextualized: there is no body. But a careful, scrupulous, analytically accurate biopsy by even the most reductionist scientist may bring information of life and death significance. From the first to the last page of this book, Weaver has proved down to the ground and beyond that the political and economic "thinkdeath significance. From the first to the last page of this book, Weaver has proved down to the ground and beyond that the political and economic "thinking" of American Big Businessmen, on whom all of our lives do depend, has atrophied to a catastrophic degree. To understand that is to understand something of vital importance—even if one does not quite know what to do about it. *Not* knowing has no advantage over knowing. *Not* knowing can kill you.

Since Weaver will antagonize conservatives more than any other group, his book is, in its way, a test case. It seriously tests the proposition that there is authentic intellectual freedom within the center to right world. If, by the slightest chance, one cannot be a functioning intellectual in that world *and criticize the corporations*, then the conservative intellectual movement is *not* an intellectual movement, and it is time that this fact were known within their world. I am in profound agreement with Weaver when he says that if one is to defend the American productive system, one *must* be willing to criticize its flaws, indeed its evils, and to do so with the intellectual vigor and probity one brings to one's critiques of other institutions. This is the *first* scholarly critique of the corporations by a qualified intellectual to emerge from the non-liberal, non-left world. Flaws and all, it is worth its weight in gold as a guarantor of the integrity of the conservative intellectual movement. I hope that conservatives can tear their eyes away from their standard repertoires—with which even the editor of this journal has professed himself bored—long enough to grasp what an immense gift Weaver has bestowed on them. □

THE POWER GAME: HOW WASHINGTON WORKS

Hedrick Smith/Random House/$22.50

John Podhoretz

PAUL DUKE: Good evening, I'm Paul Duke, and this is a special parody edition of "Washington Week in Review." Tonight we will focus on a new book about this wild and outrageous town, *The Power Game*, by our old friend and frequent colleague, Hedrick Smith, formerly of the *New York Times*. (*Camera cuts to Smith's face; he swings his head toward it, nods and smiles.*) Rick's book is a 793-page whopper—almost as heavy as the Continuing Resolution, eh, Rick?

HEDRICK SMITH: Ha, ha.

HELEN WAN: Ah ha, ha, ha.

CHARLES MacTROWEL: Heh, heh, heh.

WHINES JOHNSON: The Continuing Resolution is nothing to laugh about, Paul.

PAUL DUKE: I am terribly sorry. But to continue: *The Power Game* is the most comprehensive book written this decade about the workings of this once-sleepy Southern town that is also, many observers believe, the capital of the United States.

We'll discuss Rick's view of the changes in Washington with our delightfully folksy chum Charles MacTrowel of the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*. (*MacTrowell takes a piece of hay out from between his teeth, removes a cracker from the barrel next to him, and smiles and nods at the camera.*)

Rick has some interesting things to say about the way power is handled in Washington; we'll analyze that in some detail with our very own journalistic version of Glenn Close in *Fatal Attraction*, Helen Wan of the *Wall Street Journal*. (*Wan puts down her butcher knife, cleans her glasses, fixes her hair, and smiles and nods at the camera.*)

Finally, we'll discuss how Rick treats the ideological clashes between the Republicans and Democrats with the conscience of us all, Whines Johnson of the *Washington Post*. (*Johnson glowers and nods at the camera.*)

Charlie, you've been a resident of this burg for more years than most seventeen-year-olds today can count up to. What does Rick's book say about the changes in Washington politics?

CHARLES MacTROWEL: Paul, it is the thesis of my brother Rick that the growth of congressional staffs in the last twenty years, coupled with changes in campaign financing and the loosening of party loyalties, have forever altered the nature of politics in America.

It's a bold and courageous theory, Paul, and while many in America might scoff, there's some hardy souls around here who think it's done a good deal to restore a bit of sanity to the opinion climate in Washington. And I just want to say to my good friend Rick: Yea bo! Well done. You sure have cleared out some forests with this tome. It's the kind of book of which the sainted Sam Rayburn used to say, "If-fen ya cain't read the thang, jes' use it as a doorstopper!"

PAUL DUKE: What a delightful bit of Washingtoniana, Charlie.

HELEN WAN: Ah ha ha ha.

WHINES JOHNSON: Forest depletion is nothing to laugh about, Charlie.

CHARLES MacTROWEL: I'm sorry.

PAUL DUKE: Just to play devil's advocate for a moment, here, Charlie: I've heard that some people are hinting that much of what Rick says about congressional staffs is very similar to the ideas expressed in a book by American Enterprise Institute scholar Michael Malbin called *Unelected Representatives*.

There have also been reports from unnamed people who actually read things published on substances other than newspaper broadsheet that his ideas about campaign finance changes and party weakness come directly out of *Consequences of Party Reform*, a book by political scientist Nelson Polsby.

CHARLES MacTROWEL: Well, shut my mouth, Paul. I can't answer such charges, because I am a newsman and therefore maintain a heroic and godlike objectivity at all times. But I have to say that such accusations seem questionable, since Rick acknowledges both Malbin and Polsby in the acknowledgments.

HEDRICK SMITH: You bet I do, Paul. They were just terrific! Well, actually, I acknowledge only Malbin. But I do call Polsby a "keen observer" on page 90!

HELEN WAN: Charlie, wasn't it extremely dangerous for Rick to come out and say such incredibly controversial and biting things about the changing nature of power in America?

CHARLES MacTROWEL: I'm about fixed to agree with you, Helen. Rick was courting himself some disaster there—possibly the wrath of the New Right. (*The panel gasps, then smiles and nods at the camera.*)

WHINES JOHNSON: I just want to say that it is very dangerous to cross the New Right. They could damage your paperback sale.

HEDRICK SMITH: A man's gotta say what a man's gotta say, according to a senior White House official.

PAUL DUKE: Helen Wan, you're an unmarried woman in her thirties who holds no brief for gay conservatives, as anyone knows who read your recent piece in *Regardie's*, "The Lavender Bund."(*Wan sobs quickly, drops a live bunny into a pot of boiling water, then smiles and nods at the camera.*) How does Rick portray the way power is handled in this bustling metropolis?

HELEN WAN: Paul, a lot of people in this town are just going to be shocked by Rick's analysis of the way power is handled in this town. In this town, Rick says, there is the President. We also find the Congress in this town, not to mention, in this town, the media—

HEDRICK SMITH: Which has no liberal bias, according to a poll sponsored by the Times-Mirror Company.

WHINES JOHNSON: I think the term "liberal bias" is a weapon in the hands of the New Right. (*The panel sighs disconsolately, then smiles and nods at the camera.*)

HELEN WAN: In this town, Rick's book says, the President has a lot of power. The Congress in this town covets that power. But the people inside the White House don't like that, and there's a lot of talk that the people inside other executive agencies don't

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John Podhoretz, a frequent contributor, pays his own form of tribute in this review to the recent Supreme Court decision affirming First Amendment protections of parody.

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like it much either. In this town.

CHARLES MacTROWEL: Helen, it stuns me that Rick thinks he's safe walking on the streets of Washington in broad daylight with talk that inflammatory. He must be making a lot of enemies.

HEDRICK SMITH: I'm not! Really! Everybody's been just terrific!

WHINES JOHNSON: Maybe people decided that the things Rick is saying, Charlie, needed to be heard. In times of dire peril to the republic, people will at last take heed of a Cassandra.

HEDRICK SMITH: That too!

PAUL DUKE: Helen, where does Rick's book come down on the question of congressional oversight of executive authority?

HELEN WAN: Paul, Rick seems to think oversight is a very good thing. For example, he devotes sixty pages to budgeting and procurement problems at the Pentagon, and gives congressional aides most of the credit for cracking down on them. In all that space, he devotes perhaps three paragraphs to charges that the forty-four committees and subcommittees that perform some kind of oversight function of the Pentagon might be contributing to the problem.

WHINES JOHNSON: I believe that by refusing to submit to the "buy guns, guns, guns, and more guns" drumbeating, Rick is nobly resisting the siren call and political imprecations of the New Right. (*The panel applauds politely, then smiles and nods at the camera.*)

PAUL DUKE: Whines Johnson, as the conscience of us all—

HEDRICK SMITH: You bet he is, Paul!

PAUL DUKE: How does Rick treat the question of ideological battles between the Republicans and Democrats?

WHINES JOHNSON: Paul, what Rick understands—and what this program, if it does anything, proves week after week—is that ideas are extremely unimportant in politics.

HEDRICK SMITH: But on page 345 I say "Ideas *do* matter in politics"!

WHINES JOHNSON: Yes, you do, but thank God, you don't believe it. After all, Rick's entire book explains how things *really* get done in Washington.

PAUL DUKE: And how is that, Whines?

WHINES JOHNSON: When they're done by former White House chief of staff and current Treasury secretary Jim Baker. You do not get the sense from this book that Ronald Reagan was elected by the American people to do anything; that he stood for anything; that his election, or any election, means anything. All you get is the sense that manipulators and maneuverers run politics, policy, and set the national agenda. Now, not only do I and all my colleagues on this panel and in the Washington press corps believe that's true, but it has the added advantage of being so easy to understand and follow.

HEDRICK SMITH: You're sure right about that, Whines. That's why I was able to keep myself from losing the track of my argument while I was cranking out all 793 pages. Whew! Was that hard!

WHINES JOHNSON: In addition, manipulators and maneuverers are shown in their rightful light: as kind of sexy. Here's how Rick describes Jim Baker: "Baker is smart, cautious, patient and decisive. He is savvy; he sees the interrelationships of issues, people, money, and votes, and he marshals his own forces extremely well. As I interviewed Baker or watched him in action, the one word that kept coming to mind was *control*: self-control, control of the situation, control of others. . . ." And so on. Anything that happens successfully in this book, Baker did it.

CHARLES MacTROWEL: Whines, wasn't it extremely controversial and daring for Rick to suggest that Jim Baker is the single most effective person in the Reagan Administration?

WHINES JOHNSON: It certainly was, Charlie, particularly because Jim Baker is the person most hated by the New Right. (*This time, the panel doesn't do anything but smile and nod at the camera.*)

HEDRICK SMITH: Jim Baker was just terrific! Really!

HELEN WAN: Is he married?

PAUL DUKE: Well, that's about as much time as we have for this edition of "Washington Week in Review." To sum up: Hedrick Smith's *The Power Game* says that Watergate-era party and congressional reforms have forever changed the way politics operates in Washington, that Congress and the President fight for power, and that ideas have no importance whatever in the making, fashioning, or discussing of public or foreign policy. And he takes 793 pages to say it.

No wonder all of us here at "Washington Week in Review" think it's such a stunning and original book. What's more, we're sure that the entire Washington press corps agrees with us. You, on the other hand, will probably just buy it and never crack the binding.

HEDRICK SMITH: That would be just fine with me! And, by the way, thanks, you guys! You're all great!

CHARLES MacTROWEL: Want a cracker, Rick?

HELEN WAN: Paul, I wanted to know if Jim Baker was married, and you didn't answer my question. I WON'T BE IGNORED, PAUL!

PAUL DUKE: Next week, we'll be discussing Henry Adams's *Democracy.* Thanks for joining us. □

COVERT CADRE: INSIDE THE INSTITUTE FOR POLICY STUDIES

S. Steven Powell/Green Hill Publishers (Ottawa, IL)/$29.95

Rael Jean Isaac

Scott Powell has written the first book-length study of the Institute for Policy Studies, often described as the chief institutional survivor of the 1960s counterculture. Actually, as David Horowitz points out in his splendid introduction, IPS was never really part of the New Left revolution, though it served as a haven for many New Left activists. Marcus Raskin and Richard Barnet, the founders of IPS, were former government bureaucrats, New Frontier Democrats, a type viewed with contempt by the New Left. As Horowitz says: "IPS defined itself in terms that were characteristic not of the New Left, but of the old left. For this reason, and no other, at the end of the decade, when the battalions of the New Left disintegrated in exhaustion and defeat, the Institute for Policy Studies survived."

IPS defined its goal as nothing less than the "dismantling" of all our institutions, political, economic, and cultural. It was able to trade on the trust policy makers automatically placed in think tanks. These burgeoned after World War II and were valued in Washington for their role in providing the long-range perspectives government officials simply did not have the freedom to consider, pressed as they were to deal with immediate problems. IPS passed itself off as a think tank devoted to liberal values, i.e., to upholding the very system whose demise it sought. As Arthur Waskow, an early IPS fellow, admitted, its peculiar blend of research and street activism placed it "on the bare edge of custom in the United States as to what an educational research institution is, as against what a political institution is." The research was put in service of the activism. It was used to wage economic war against corporations; to target specific countries; to help revolutionary groups in the field. IPS's Transnational Institute in Amsterdam, for example, played host to "liberation movements" which provided a shopping list of research needs.

Over the years, the chaotic, untidy, flexible, apparently spontaneous surface of IPS has reassured outsiders, deflecting attention from its substantive purposes. The funding base, like the agenda, has been provided by the old left—by the Samuel Rubin Foundation. As Horowitz points out, Rubin was "a Communist Party member of the Stalin epoch." With this agenda and funding, IPS set out on what has been a remarkably successful effort to change the direction of the political culture.

Certainly IPS has run rings around the political establishment. Powell describes how, in the aftermath of a clumsy FBI investigation of the institute, IPS sued, and was able to obtain a settlement exempting itself from any future FBI scrutiny! IPS obtained the Pentagon Papers more than a year before they were published by the *New York Times*, and their availability at the institute seems to have been widely known. Apparently deciding the papers were legally too risky for the institute to publish, IPS played a major role in arranging for their ultimate disposition. Needless to say, it paid no penalty for its role.

Scott Powell provides an exhaustive nuts and bolts account of IPS activities and influence, both direct and indirect. He makes no effort to answer the question "Why?" and he is probably right to resist such tempting diversions. Instead, Powell answers such practical questions as, "What are IPS targets?" and "How does it go

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Rael Jean Isaac's most recent book (with Erich Isaac) is The Coercive Utopians *(Regnery Gateway). She first wrote about the Institute for Policy Studies in 1980 for* Midstream *magazine.*

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about achieving its goals?" There are chapters on IPS campaigns against our intelligence agencies, system of alliances, defense establishment, and corporations; there is also extensive description of the ways IPS has sought to mold public opinion, both through influencing established organizations (major newspapers, the churches) and by shaping alternatives (its own newspapers, wire service, radio programs, and operations within established churches like World Peacemakers and Riverside Church Disarmament Program). Powell also provides chapters on the extensive IPS lobbying network in Congress, with special attention to its links with organizations lobbying on behalf of revolutionary Marxist groups in Latin America. Recognizing that no analysis of IPS is complete without an account of the institute's spinoffs (sometimes referred to by IPS as "social inventions"), Powell not only describes them in detail but, in a series of helpful appendices, lays out their relationships to IPS and a number of sister ideological groups.

Much of the material in this volume has been detailed elsewhere: for example, by John Rees whose *Information Digest* has faithfully tracked IPS since 1968; by Joshua Muravchik; by this writer; by Brian Crozier in England (a libel suit against him by IPS was recently settled on terms favorable to Crozier); by Emerson Vermaat, a Dutch journalist who has investigated IPS's Transnational Institute, which attacks multinational corporations and links revolutionary Marxist intellectuals worldwide; by Cliff Kincaid, who produced a special supplement for *Human Events* on IPS and the media in 1983. It is unfortunate that Powell ignores much of the work done by his forerunners (there is no reference to John Rees or *Information Digest* in the text or 1300 footnotes). For he thereby forgoes examining why all earlier revelations of IPS misdeeds have been almost totally ineffective. The *New York Times Magazine* published Joshua Muravchik's withering exposé of the institute—and the *New York Times* op-ed page continued as before to provide IPS writers with a platform, labeling IPS only as "a liberal think tank." A best-selling *roman à thèse*, *The Spike*, was a thinly disguised expose of IPS. Yet IPS's influence on Capitol Hill has clearly grown, despite *The Spike*, despite all the scrupulously documented attacks on the organization. One cannot adequately discuss the impact of IPS without addressing the ease with which the organization has surmounted its critics.

The significance of this book, then, is not so much in providing a wealth of hitherto undiscovered facets of IPS activity (although, to my knowledge, Powell, who was able to get "inside" IPS by posing as a hanger-on, is the first to focus on the extent to which Soviet officials frequent IPS). It is rather in bringing together all that is known about IPS into one volume. The value of this transcends the obvious convenience. The range of IPS activities and the extent of its influence can only be appreciated once the threads are drawn together. Powell makes us appreciate the fact that no single group has done so much to move our political culture to the left. If, in the eighth year of Reagan's presidency, the Congress can correctly be identified by Paul Hollander as a bastion of the adversary culture, it is thanks primarily to the efforts of IPS, which never forgot that its major target was the policy-making establishment. As Raskin said when he founded IPS, "this country and modern nations run on ideas to a large extent" and "on the political level, you have to develop a sense that there are groups within the organized political structure—Congress or the Executive—who are interested in such ideas. Otherwise no real political transformation can occur."

In the last section of the book Powell (like Horowitz in the introduction) zeroes in on the crucial question IPS forces us to address: What is the nature of treason? If you sell defense secrets to the Soviet Union, you are guilty of treason. But what if you obtain classified information and publish it for all to read? Has IPS discovered a new mode of treason, not punishable in a court of law? What of the question of intent? To throw light on this question, Horowitz turns to his own background, one shared with several of the leading figures in IPS. Like Cora Weiss of the Rubin Foundation and Saul Landau, a long-time IPS fellow (and sometime Transnational Institute head), Horowitz was the son of Communist parents, who in their own mind functioned as what Horowitz calls "secret agents." Their legitimate political activities were merely ruses to camouflage the real tasks of their political commitment, which they could discuss only with other "secret agents" like themselves.

In Horowitz's view, IPS provides the perfect institutional base for those still functioning as "secret agents." For example, Horowitz notes that Landau published an article on the *Los Angeles Times* op-ed page opposing aid to the contras in such a way as to appeal to anti-Communists. Landau argued the money would not be used for its intended purpose but be diverted to the pockets of greedy contra leaders. No hint of Landau's thirty-year commitment as an apologist for Castro, for whom he made a celebratory "documentary," *Fidel*; no mention of his propaganda film for the Sandinistas, made with the cooperation of their security police. Had he owned up to his political commitments, Landau would have damaged his credibility—and cause. Those at IPS claim a role as progressive participants in the democratic process. But, as Horowitz observes, "like the leftist progressives of the past, their liberalism and pacifism are not political commitments. They are deadly weapons with which to lay siege to democracy's defenses, to cripple its resistance to the totalitarian advance."

What the success of IPS chiefly illustrates is the failure of our elites. In the last paragraph of this volume Powell writes:

> In a free society fringe groups and extreme ideologies of all sorts can and do appear, and democracy has sufficient power of assimilation to withstand most contradictions and absurdities. And in times of fundamental faith, an organization like IPS—which openly states that its goal is the dismantling of all economic, political, social and cultural institutions in the United States—would hardly be taken seriously, let alone have any influence on the country's domestic and foreign policies. In the end, the story told here may reveal as much about the leadership and judgment of the elites in the United States as about the Institute for Policy Studies itself.

Do we need to lift the taboo on discussions of disloyalty, so that the cry of Red-baiting no longer forestalls debate? Perhaps. But nothing we do will serve much purpose if our leaders lack confidence in their values and traditions. The ideas of IPS are *silly*. If there is an important omission in this book, it is Powell's failure to focus on the absurdity of the institute's nostrums. IPS engages in policy analysis by advertising catch-words. The National Security State. The Violence Colony. The Warfare State. Law makers of an earlier generation would have held their sides laughing had they read Marcus Ras-

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kin's exercise in Deep Thinking, *Being and Doing*. In it the United States is labelled a Colonized Society, with the oppressing Colonies duly dubbed the Violence Colony, the Plantation Colony, the Dream Colony, and the Channeling Colony. (Yes, all the capital letters are in the original, and what we are talking about is the way the ordinary citizen is oppressed by police, the workplace, TV, and the schools.) Yet this book, according to *First Harvest*, IPS's twentieth anniversary anthology, best expresses the philosophy "that has most strongly shaped the Institute for Policy Studies."

The logic is as ludicrous as the rhetoric. IPS's Michael Parenti explains the lines at stores in the Soviet Union by the large discretionary income enjoyed by the consumer there. "Bloomingdale's is less crowded than GUM because millions of persons in the New York metropolitan area who might otherwise choose to shop there cannot afford to—either because they are unemployed or because they expend the bulk of their income on food, housing, fuel, medical care, tuition and transportation." To be sure, Powell gives us this gem, but he nowhere mines the rich lode of foolishness offered by the entire array of IPS fellows. Arthur Waskow alone could provide material for a whole series of skits on "Saturday Night Live," not to mention the cohort of the undisciplined left that departed IPS with him in 1977 in a salary dispute, depriving the institute of credit for further pearls from the author of *Lesbians in Revolt* and *The Seven Days of Creation from a Buberian Feminist Perspective.*

Inevitably one's laughter is tempered by the realization of the influence IPS exerts on our decision-makers. Perhaps Powell's book, and the immense research effort it represents, will close the chapter on IPS's charmed existence. In that happy if unlikely event, the Astonishing Works of IPS could then be savored with unalloyed enjoyment. □

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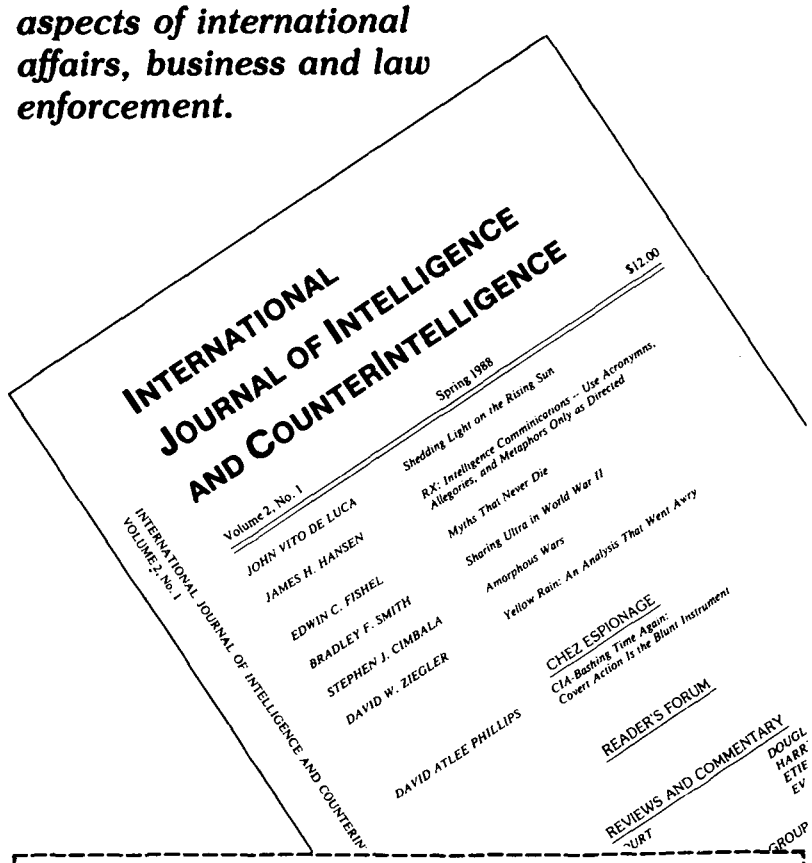
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Dave Shiflett

Newcomers to politics, especially those of us who strayed in during the Reagan years, have been entertained when complete strangers walk up at parties and list our every flaw. Racist, pro-Franco, pro-smokestack, pro-greed, anti-Semitic, anti-fag, anti-heliocentric universe—the denunciations come like hornets and don't stop until the nest empties. Like snap estimates of the weight of Manhattan, however, these appraisals are usually a little off and if you haven't got anything else to do you can spend the evening in rebuttal.

But those of us who came to Washington to promote freedom and harmony cannot help but be taken aback by these slanders. We are not storm troopers. We are not Klansmen. We do have our beliefs. We may say love your brother, but never bugger him. We may hope Fidel Castro is sentenced to an eternity of shucking mountain oysters in the hot place. We may bash the commies—and their spouses. These are not unreasonable positions. All in all, we are out to spread light, not darkness. We are about great things.

Yet our adversaries look into our eyes and see a skullful of gremlins. Why's that? John B. Judis's biography of William F. Buckley, Jr. explains the nature of the devil many liberals still see in conservatives. That the devil's day has largely passed is credited to Mr. Buckley.

He was seven when he wrote the King of England and told him to repay his war debt, an early indication that WFB would not let knuckleheads off easy. By the time he was in boarding school he was a strong debater and quick to argue political and religious issues. He was also a bit aloof and high-nosed as a lad, but after the army was a regular enough guy and ready to put the world on track. *God and Man at Yale* was his Big Bang; the modulations of its echo can be read fortnightly in *National Review.*

The magazine was necessary for several purposes: sway opinion leaders, recruit and lead the conservative army, and purge the movement of its undesirables, whom Judis has catalogued with care. His impression seems to be that while the current conservative corpus is an imperfect beauty—a Lollobrigida minus an eye and a couple of teeth—the old model also had numerous boils and the temper of a piss-guzzling snake.

Not everyone supported this beautification project. From the left, Murray Kempton called the magazine a "national bore." *Harper's* editor John Fischer noted its "conspiracy theory of liberal control" and its "grave doubts about freedom." Dwight Macdonald, in a *Commentary* review entitled "Scrambled Eggheads On The Right," said: "The McCarthy nationalists—they call themselves conservatives, but that is surely a misnomer—have never made so heroic an effort to be articulate. Here are the ideas, here is the style of the lumpen-bourgeoisie, the half-educated, half-successful provincials . . . who responded to Huey Long, Father Coughlin, and Senator McCarthy."

Not everyone on the right was supportive of the man whom Judis has dubbed the "patron saint of the conservatives." Buckley was more interested in burying cranks, not praising them, and as the movement's Martin Luther he sailed his inkwell at the isolationists, anti-Semites, incurable racists, and John Birchers.

Judis's description of the Birch affair is a particularly revealing part of his book. Birch Society founder Robert Welch pledged $1,000 to *National Review* in 1955 and another $1,000 two years later, though not without informing Buckley that Ike "was on the wrong side." The next spring *National Review* published Eugene Lyons's attack on Welch and his *American Opinion* magazine, a brave move for many reasons, including the fact that a chief *NR* financial supporter was a Birch Society member.

Lyons's article drew flak from conservatives who felt the movement had few enough friends as it was without shooting one of them. *NR* writer (and *American Opinion* editorial board member) Medford Evans put it this way: "My view on the subject is that *National Review* should refrain from making any criticisms of other periodi-

Dave Shiflett is a writer living in Virginia.

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cals except in the one case when we earnestly feel that a spokesman for conservatives has made a grievous error." And so it sat—for a while.

The Society continued to grow (though not less cranky) and in 1961, when Buckley proposed another attack, he was opposed by staffers William Rusher and Frank Meyer. "Some of the solidest conservatives in the country are members of the John Birch Society," Meyer cautioned his editor, "and we should act in such a way as to alienate them no more than is strictly necessary from a moral, political, or tactical point of view." Buckley apparently kept this admonition in mind when he wrote the second attack.

But the Birch problem wouldn't go away, forcing Buckley finally to take out the pole ax. Though he was again opposed by Rusher and Meyer, who were joined by *NR* staffers Brent Bozell and William Rickenbacker, on February 3, 1962 he published the famous editorial, "The Question of Robert Welch." Saying that Welch was "damaging the cause of anti-Communism," Buckley pointed out a truth that bears repeating today: "There are bounds to the dictum, anyone on the right is my ally." His stand earned him wide respect, and the financial supporter stayed with the magazine.

Buckley has taken other stands to put him at odds with conservatives. His defense of the impure George Will (who criticized Agnew and Nixon) riled the paleocons, the neocons have attacked him for harboring Joseph Sobran, and lunarcon John D. Lofton of the *Washington Times* has charged Buckley with being soft on sodomites for publishing gay rights essays by an anonymous author.

Buckley has not been the only heretic. Poetry editor Hugh Kenner once got William Carlos Williams to contribute a poem, only to be denounced by readers for printing a poet who had belonged to a Communist front organization. "*National Review* has some of the dumbest readers in the world," Kenner said, though this was a while ago.

Young wingers, however, are thankful that Buckley made their movement something worth coming home to. A reputed elitist, he has spent most of his adult life broadening conservatism's appeal. A supposed highbrow ideologue, he reached into the guts of reality and rearranged things.

This isn't to say that "Saint Bill" completely cleaned the stable. Though he drove a stake through Ayn Rand's heart, that wasn't enough to bring the old girl down, if the large number of her current fans is any indication. And blacks, despite their overwhelming support of positions held by many conservatives, don't feel welcome in the ranks, perhaps because some conservatives still hold that blacks were better off when they were slaves. Ending this tragic estrangement could eventually earn Jack Kemp the saintly status.

But thanks to Buckley the more outrageous views are rarer, and he's surely part of the reason that the right is an interesting place to be. Along with a solid base of stuffed shirts and conventional types, it is also home to goldbugs, star warriors, tax slashers, soldiers of fortune, privatizers, and other freethinkers you won't find in the liberal camp. And where the left suffers a strange infatuation with the modern world, you can go to a right-wing party and meet people who speak as if they just walked out of the fifth century—or before. Where else, for instance, can you meet defenders of geocentrism? It's like going to an acid test without having to take the drug.

In truth, Judis's talk of saints and such doesn't fit the conservative movement. Joyless orthodoxy is more apparent across the aisle: conservatism is New York City, liberalism is Tehran. (Old timers also report that the women have gotten much better looking over the years.)

Judis ignores much of this dynamism, but then he cannot be expected to exalt the vivacity of the conservative movement, as he is a socialist with his own interests to look after. His intention here is not to write a laudatory *Roots* of the right wing, and though he treats his subject with respect, there is an underlying tendentiousness in the book, sometimes reaching the point of excess. "But the magazine continued to print the kind of conservative fantasy disguised as theory that would have offended Burnham," Judis sermonizes at one point, making it clear that his own purpose is political, not historical or artistic.

In several other highly political passages, Judis comments on "the passing of the conservative moment," which sounds like wishful thinking when you consider the herd of nags the Democrats dispatched to snatch the throne away from Uncle Ron. Judis also believes Mr. Reagan "casts a spell" over the nation—an observation that strikes the modern mind as being a bit supernatural. But Judis does not fall into the puerile snideness sometimes encountered in M. Kinsley, nor does he seem to suffer the self-righteousness of the dread Sid Blumenthal. His discipline in these matters earns the reader's respect.

From time to time, however, Judis does offer an observation that is at odds with reality. After Mr. Reagan formally retires, he says at one point, "conservatives, including Buckley, will once again become the target for liberal barbs." This suggests that conservatives have enjoyed a moratorium on liberal opprobrium, when in fact the Washington sky has been brown with mud these last eight years.

Robert Bork, for instance, will be squeezing buckshot out of his hide for years to come, and Ronald Reagan is under so much fire you'd think he had hired the mob to assassinate Daniel Ortega (only JFK gets away with such things). Ollie North not only suffered the lash of the shyster Nields, but was scorned by the entire left. Liberals have also continued to plink away at other perennial targets: If your wife stays at home with the kids, they'll snipe at her. If you think abortion is murder, they'll shoot twice. Admonish your children to walk the straight and narrow and chances are you'll get called a nasty name. There has been no truce.

Judis tells some interesting stories, like about the time some of the Buckley children (WFB not among them) burned a cross at a Jewish resort and played unchristian tricks on some of their Protestant neighbors. But again, every anecdote seems to have a political undertone, and a book obsessed with politics is bound to be a little flat. Obvious questions aren't answered. For instance, Buckley is said to be a pretty good piano player, but Judis doesn't tell us if he's up to Beethoven or still stuck on Bach. Small things add up, as does the absence of them, so readers will have to look elsewhere for an intimate portrait. That so lively and cooperative a subject comes across a bit pale is no credit to the author.

But conservatives and liberals will find plenty to like in this book. Liberals will be reminded of the foulest aspects of the right and praise themselves once more for having stayed away. Old conservatives can relive the days of the great struggle. Newcomers, who arrived after the beaches had been

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stormed, may learn that some of the elders didn't have the attitudes we wish they'd had, but then few of the men who won the West were members of the Anti-Saloon League. And to some degree or another, all of us will admire the boy who scolded the king, and many of us will praise him. □

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THE DESOLATE CITY: REVOLUTION IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

Anne Roche Muggeridge/Harper & Row/$16.95

Michael A. Scully

Anne Roche Muggeridge introduces her moving and beautifully written book with a passage from the *Lamentations of Jeremiah* on the fall of Jerusalem: "How doth the city sit desolate that was full of people: how is she become as a widow that was mistress among nations." Those words also describe the condition of the Catholic Church, Mrs. Muggeridge tells us, which is nowadays "like a city ravaged by war. The spires have fallen, the wells are poisoned, the government is in exile." How this came about and, secondarily, the likelihood of repair and reconstruction, are the themes of *The Desolate City.*

The heart of Mrs. Muggeridge's argument is that in the 1960s and 1970s, during and after the Second Vatican Council, the Catholic Church suffered what amounts to a successful revolution, quite like the upheavals that transform secular societies. More than half the book is devoted to this argument, which Mrs. Muggeridge constructs skillfully, citing seven conditions and stages of revolution, and showing how each applies to the recent history of Catholicism.

1. *An aggrieved class.* Muggeridge contends that there were, indeed, two aggrieved classes: religious academics, of whom theologians were the most powerful and prominent; and bishops, especially those in the Rhine countries and North America, who saw Vatican II as an opportunity to reclaim power and autonomy lost in the preceding hundred years.

The religious academics are the Church's information industry and knowledge elite. As such, they bear the same relation to those in positions of traditional Church authority as media professionals or academics in secular society bear to those in business or in older professions, such as medicine and law. Religious academics are the Church's "new class," and the tremendous expansion of Catholic institutions of higher learning in this century greatly expanded their numbers. Paid subsistence wages, without influence in the Church's power structure, they grew resentful. Their knowledge, as it were, would set them free. Precisely, the knowledge and consequent Council influence of theological experts, to whom the bishops turned for guidance on Council issues and on whom all parties later relied for interpretations of Council documents, made possible the implantation of ideas and phrases subsequently useful in justifying a radical agenda.

Yet the theologians could have done little without the help of bishops, who had their own axes to grind. The bishops desired more autonomy from the Vatican and greater authority in their dioceses. As the theologians demanded respect for their views on moral and theological issues, so the bishops staked their claims for greater autonomy and for a share in the Church's teaching authority, when acting "collegially." (One old cardinal quipped that he could think of no scriptural basis for the notion of ecclesial collegiality except the line "and they all fled.")

2. *A climate conducive to radical change.* Unlike earlier factions who attempted to "update" or "modernize" Catholic teaching and practice, the disaffected faction in the 1960s had the spirit of the times on their side. Secularization in the West was well along, and with it the privatization of morality. The sexual revolution was in the foreplay stage.

New ways of gathering and disseminating news and information gave the drift from traditional norms a novel power and supercharged the power of novelty. By the early 1960s, it had started to make sense to talk about "the media." Television news had come into its own; the national newsmagazines had influence far greater than they retain today.

The revolutionary faction grasped the power of the new technology and used it to stunning advantage. Muggeridge writes, "It is clear now that there were in effect two councils, the 'conservative' Council, which is now realized to have been a brilliantly clever doctrinal holding-operation, and the radical Council, the enormous media event with its revolutionary stars and its box-office appeal."

3. *A weakened government.* Muggeridge says that when Pope John XXIII realized, during the first session of Vatican Council II, that events were out of control, he attempted to organize a movement among the bishops to bring the proceedings to a close. He failed at this, and was dead before the opening of the second session. His successor, Pope Paul VI, Muggeridge rightly calls the weakest Pope of this century. She relates, at considerable length, the sad litany of his vacillations. On critical issues, he frequently offered strong, traditional statements, and then undercut them by allowing inexplicable exceptions and neglecting to enforce his edicts.

4. *A triggering incident.* Despite his own preferences, and those of 95 percent of his sixty-plus member commission to study the Church's traditional teachings about sex and procreation, Pope Paul VI—saying that he was unable to find a basis for overruling the Church's traditional teaching—issued the encyclical *Humanae Vitae*, in July 1968. This was what Muggeridge calls the "triggering incident." In this revolution, the Bastille was the bedroom. That it was stormed by celibates suggests the likelihood that there were stakes involved other than the happiness of Catholic marriages. In her book, Mrs. Muggeridge insists the true purpose was "the passionate desire and vital necessity of the revolutionary clerisy to destroy the idea that the hierarchical magisterium possessed supreme authority in the Catholic Church, authority unavailable to any other segment of that community."

5. *A moderate phase stressing continuity with the old order.* Mrs. Muggeridge believes that for the most part the moderate phase of the revolution ended when the Council ended, late in 1965. She notes, however, that some of the first liturgical changes were claimed (often erroneously) to have early Christian pedigrees. Yet, all in all, the strength of the radical forces was such that there was little need for moderation.

6. *A radical phase proclaiming a new order.* The old nun was stripped of her habit; the missal became a weekly throwaway; the old hymns were sung no more, replaced by Father John Pepsicola strumming his latest tunes. But, no, it is not funny; too many lives were shattered.

7. *Consolidation and institutionalization—or counter-revolution.* In assessing the Church's future prospects (as though it were a human organization; in truth, she thinks it more than that), Mrs. Muggeridge commits neither the sin of presumption nor despair. She

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Michael A. Scully co-founded the journal This World. *He writes for* The American Spectator, *and many other publications.*

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notes that the modernist forces now control most institutional strongholds in the North American and European Church, but also that the "revolution" has betrayed many of its early pious supporters, some of whom are now active "counter-revolutionaries." Even in the best of future circumstances, however, many changes will remain, as the cost of undoing them would be prohibitive.

Mrs. Muggeridge ends her book with a moving chapter titled "Roman Remains." A splendid finish to a lamentation, it mixes words whose tones and meanings toll the passing of an age, rather as one hears the surf's crash and pebbles' clatter on Dover Beach in Arnold's "melancholy, long, withdrawing roar."

Lamentations serve a function; so do maxims. Some years ago, Irving Kristol offered the maxim: "We must be cheerful, even when we're not happy." Leaving aside their insurance policy, the promise of their Savior never to abandon them (a piece of the Rock, if ever there was one), Catholics and their well-wishers can find much to be cheery about. First, the Church has been in much worse straits than current ones many times in the past. On every occasion, eras of decay, worldliness, and corruption have been succeeded by periods of rejuvenation and renewed spirituality.

Second, in demographic terms, the Church now truly is "universal." By 2,000, 70 percent of Catholics will live in the developing world. Arguably, the survival of the West requires the Church; the reverse cannot be argued as convincingly.

Third, the "revolution" in telecommunications and information-services will encourage unprecedented organizational centralization and "corporatization" (while rendering unnecessary geographical centralization—i.e., physical proximity). The Vatican, like other corporate home offices, will benefit greatly. Furthermore, the authority of, and public identification with, the Pope will be enhanced by technologies that crave pictures of identifiable leaders in dramatic situations. Modern media benefit popes and presidents at the expense of congresses and bishops' conferences. Pope John Paul II understands what amazing tools have been given him in satellites and television mini-cams; his successors will not forget it.

Thus even these days, with so many of its buttresses asunder, Catholicism's future sometimes seems to lie before it "like a land of dreams." It is cheery to think so, and there's more than a chance it's true. □

CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 9)

It is all very well for D. G. Myers to make sport at the Modern Language Association's lefties—fairest of game in more than one way—but then why not add to one's "moral authority," since that is what criticism is supposed to aspire to, by getting one's facts straight? Myers delights in Jane Tompkins's blast at Richard Ohmann and myself for condescension, moral smugness, etc. and then chortles that "Gitlin and Ohmann didn't know what to say in response. Their breath was fairly taken away." Had Myers paid attention rather than swooning into insensibility at the spectacle of one leftie bashing another, he (she?) would have heard the responses Ohmann and I did, in fact, deliver. There are larger matters at stake between Jane Tompkins and myself than can be crammed into a letters column, but for the record, I said (a) that Tompkins, who has written an impressive study of nineteenth-century popular fiction, was building herself a straw elitist; (b) that contrary to one of her charges I don't regard emotion as low-grade stuff harnessed to low IQ's; (c) that I don't regard myself as a Marxist (as both Tompkins and Myers would know if they had read more than a fragment of my work); (d) that I'm all for studies of how people watch television, and have, in fact, been involved in some such research; and (e) that I think all kinds of people, even Ph.D.'s, or especially Ph.D.'s, make use of culture, "high" and "low," for all kinds of purposes, including learning and having fun.

Consider, by way of example, that defender of "the moral authority of great writers," D. G. Myers, who chooses easy entertainment value over serious clarification.

—Todd Gitlin
Professor of Sociology
University of California
Berkeley, California

D. G. Myers astutely says that the forum I presided over on mass culture criticism was "the highpoint" of the Modern Language Association convention in San Francisco last December. That's about all Myers gets right. Myers is identified as a graduate student of criticism, but his article reads more like fiction than criticism. (I deduce from Myers's pathological anti-feminism that the author is a male.) Having attended most of the sessions he reports on, I can attest that virtually every sentence in his article is either unfactual or distorts the context of quoted statements in a thoroughly dishonest manner.

Jane Tompkins was indeed critical of some varieties of academic marxism, but Myers deliberately neglects to mention that her criticisms were in prefatory contrast to her praise of my new anthology *American Media and Mass Culture: Left Perspectives* (published by the University of California Press) and the articles in it by co-panelists Todd Gitlin, Richard Ohmann, and especially Kate Ellis, whose presence Myers rudely ignores. Tompkins's praise was tempered with some disagreements with Gitlin, Ohmann, and me, but Myers's claim that "Gitlin and Ohmann didn't know what to say in response" is nonsense—both responded at length, as did Ellis and I, in an amicable manner and agreeing with many of her criticisms of the more arcane and doctrinaire varieties of marxism, as the enclosed text and audiotape verify (note, for example, Gitlin's statement that he is not a marxist). If "Jane Tompkins is throwing bombshells," as Myers claims "a friend said" (presumably a friend of Myers, not of Tompkins, who tells me she found Myers's account ludicrous), none hit anyone on the dais.

My intention in organizing the forum was precisely to air some of the disagreements between leftist cultural critics and non-leftists like Tompkins. . . . Of course, Myers is too simpleminded to acknowledge that there is a wide diversity of marxist and feminist theorists or to address any of their substantive points or disagreements among them—let alone to recognize some value in anything they say; he is only out to join in the bashing of left academics that has become tiresomely repetitive among the herd of independent neo-con-intellectualoid minds. I'm sure he received a pat on the head from his elders at *The American Spectator* for having mastered their substitution of repulsive malice for reasoned analysis and their confusion of adolescent snickering with witty repartee.

A sampling of Myers's further errors: He claims, "There were as many sessions on 'Chicana' writers as on Shakespeare." If Myers had done the minimal research worthy of a graduate student at Northwestern, he would have counted five on the former and eight on the latter. Even if he had been right, isn't it feasible that at this point there might be more original things to be said about Chicana and other contemporary culture than about Shakespeare?

He quotes me indirectly (without credit) as saying, "Worse yet, conservatives are beginning to develop cultural criticism of their own. . . ." The "worse yet" is Myers's invention; my point was that the political polarization of cultural criticism between left and right is a healthy trend but that it has been a factor in the resistance to the incorporation of mass culture criticism by English departments, many of

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which shy away from all political controversy. One might hope that one point where intellectuals of the left and right could agree is in deploring the ideological muddle and blandness of most American education and mass media.

Myers also grinds his neoconservative axe on the "Politics and the Discipline" forum, distorting statements by Catherine Stimpson and Henry Louis Gates, Jr., while ignoring the main thrust of that session—substantial evidence of the resurgence in campus racism and sexism as well as the concerted efforts of fundamentalists to suppress academic freedom and censor books like *Wizard of Oz* and *The Diary of Anne Frank*. The excesses of the extreme right-wing, however, don't seem to bother Myers or *The American Spectator*.

—Donald Lazere
Professor of English
California Polytechnic State University
San Luis Obispo, California

D. G. Myers replies:
Let the record show that Todd Gitlin and the others responded to Jane Tompkins's attack on Marxist critics at MLA. My notes indicate their responses were less direct than is being claimed, but I'll agree that each of them delivered a response if it makes them less unhappy.

But is this really the important point at issue? In their letters, neither Gitlin nor Donald Lazere attempts to refute the substance of my article. I reported that Tompkins had argued that Marxist scholars act as if they were morally superior to the rest of us, and that this argument was deemed unanswerable. Lazere calls my account of Tompkins's attack "ludicrous," but adds that the attack was harmless in any event. In other words, my account was not true; and even if it were true, Tompkins's attack was not true. But this is illogical. All Lazere has proved is that my account was not contrary to Tompkins's attack; at the very least, then, it can be described as accurate. Moreover, it is true. Lazere proves this too. For when he turns to me, Lazere adopts the paternalistic tone of a professor rebuking a below-par graduate student. I am instructed to do minimal research, and addressed as if I were a kid (my editors are my "elders"). I can imag ine no apter confirmation of Tompkins's argument about Marxists' arrogance toward those they would "disabuse."

The rest of Lazere's letter speaks for itself (I shall let readers decide which of us it is who deals in "repulsive malice"). Gitlin's is the more serious letter, but what a reader unacquainted with the previous stages of the discussion could make of it is beyond me. Like many other scholars of the left, Gitlin presumes that certain ideological positions have been established as "knowledge," and blithely goes on as if someone who doesn't know that much knows nothing. This may not be exactly what Tompkins described in her attack, but it nevertheless is a presumption of superior insight.

What is at issue here, though the reader might not guess it, is an attitude toward cultural values. Gitlin argued in his paper at MLA that since the Second World War there has been a "blurring of the boundaries" between high and low culture; that one name under which this blurring goes is post-Modernism; and that it is not about to be "rolled back."

This argument takes place at such a level of generalization that it is hard to know where to grasp it. Fortunately, though, Gitlin also took the occasion to divulge his canon of post-Modernist greats: Monty Python, Donald Barthelme, David Byrne (of the the Talking Heads), Twyla Tharp, Don DeLillo, "and especially the epilogue of *Berlin Alexanderplatz*." I am less interested in these as specimens of Gitlin's taste than as specimens of his reasoning. For the important thing to note about such a list is that none of the names on it is really very surprising; indeed, such a list could contain no name that was not in some sense approved in advance. Thus Clint Eastwood could not appear; nor any country singer or "mandarin" novelist like Alexander Theroux or W. M. Spackman; and no poets at all. The list is little more than the reverse of an Index Expurgatorius, and what it indicates is that Gitlin seems to experience culture at one remove, through a glass of ideology. If this is all the blurring of cultural distinctions amounts to, I don't think it merits the "serious clarification" which Gitlin takes me to task for not bringing to it.

Bethell's Deficits

I subscribed to *TAS* for some sanity. Imagine my disappointment on reading Tom Bethell's twaddle ("Trading for Dollars," *TAS*, March 1988). It wasn't long ago when conservatives talked balance in the federal budget and our current account. Now they embrace deficits.

Mr. Bethell says that because the Japanese put the dollars they receive for consumer goods into U.S. Treasury bonds there's no problem: an American citizen's money has simply been transferred to the U.S. Treasury via a Japanese intermediary. He goes on to suggest that the Japanese are the chumps because a declining dollar erodes the value of their bonds while we're prospering because we now have all these VCRs and TVs. Has it occurred to him that his VCR is also depreciating, and much faster than the dollar?

He neglects to mention that instead of a Treasury bond the Japanese may elect to buy American real estate or businesses, which because of the declining dollar are very attractive bargains vis-à-vis the yen. Would he like to see the U.S. become a banana republic, the means of production owned by foreign powers?

Milton Friedman's distinction, which Mr. Bethell quotes approvingly, between Mexico's foreign debt, taken out "to live high on the hog," and ours is as vacuous as Mr. Bethell's theories. Mr. Bethell says the Latin American deficits are incurred for "home consumption." Doesn't that describe our trade deficit, incurred buying consumer goods? Mr. Friedman's and Mr. Bethell's views are condescending and chauvinistic but understandable: it hurts to think America's economic house is as disorderly as our Latin neighbors'.

Tra-la, tra-lee—what deficit? The Japanese "only" have money, and the U.S. is so much richer because it now has all those boom boxes and VCRs. Golly! We sure got the best of that deal!

And I thought the Democrats had screwy economic theories.

—Marc Beckwith
Tempe, Arizona

Tom Bethell replies:
I await Mr. Beckwith's explanation of why the U.S. becomes a "banana republic" because foreigners are encouraged to buy property and assets here. Is Mr. Beckwith suggesting that such assets should not be sold to foreigners? I suspect it is he who is the chauvinist.

I did not suggest that the Japanese are "chumps" because a declining dollar robs them of their investments. I did suggest that such an unstable unit of account will discourage foreign investment in the U.S.

Mr. Beckwith should expostulate less and think more.

Abel on Safire on Lincoln

I do not wish to be disrespectful of Professor Lionel Abel in his review of William Safire's *Freedom* (*TAS*, January 1988). However, I would suggest that both the Professor and Mr. Safire are wrong in their premise that Lincoln was unable to steer the Union toward victory until after he had fully accepted the ideology of Abolitionism.

Rather, a Union victory (which was *not* given even "some promise" by the January 1, 1863 Emancipation Proclamation, coming as it did only a few months after the stalemate at Sharpsburg, a few weeks after the Federal defeat at Fredericksburg, and only a couple of days after Sherman and operations in the Vicksburg campaign stalled at Chickasaw Bayou) was made possible only after General Grant's accession first, to command in the West (viz. the 1863 Chattanooga campaign), then to command in the East (viz. crossing the Rapidan, May 1864); by the final coalescence of Union command strategy and departmental operations under Grant in 1864-65; and by the tactical/strategic victory of Sheridan (chosen by Grant) over Early in the Shenandoah Valley during the latter half of 1864.

While Abolitionism gave coherence to some aspects of Northern war aims, the threat posed during the 1864 presidential election by candidate George McLellan's "Peace" Democracy indicates that it was not the top dog in the Civil War ideological arena. The war was finally won only after the North got its military act together under the totally non-ideological leadership of Grant.

—Roy Marokus, M.D.
Edmonton, Alberta

Lionel Abel replies:
When I wrote that Mr. Safire's book had *left me with* a certain idea, i.e., that we Americans do not fight well in unideological wars, I was not saying, nor did I intend to say, that Mr. Safire *wanted me to be left* with this idea. If he did, I do not know this to be the case.

Now as to the idea Mr. Safire may not have wanted me (or anyone) to form: is it correct, or incorrect? Do the military facts of the Civil War period, especially the military defeats sustained by the Union armies after the Emancipation Proclamation, disprove the notion I suggested, and which, if I am not mistaken, I also said the facts cannot prove? Now Dr. Marokus asserts the facts *disprove* my notion. Here is why he has not convinced me:

I come from a school of thought which holds to the view that a war must be won *politically*. Undeniably, a military genius might gain victory for the side that has been outmaneuvered and is even politically bankrupt, but surely it is wiser in fighting a war to assume that the other side may have the military genius you yourself would like to head your army. So you had better try to win your war politically. This is what Lincoln did when he launched the Emancipation Proclamation. That certain military defeats, like the one at Sharpsburg, followed the Proclamation, in no way advances my critic's argument. No doubt General Grant's abilities as a commander were essential to final victory. But when Lincoln made his political move the talents of his new commander had not yet been proved. He had to do what he as Chief Executive could do: gain the political advantage. And as the facts indicate, this he did. □

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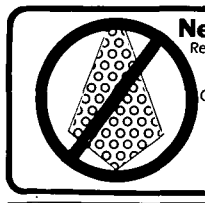

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CURRENT WISDOM

The Sun
(Santa Cruz, California)

In historic Santa Cruz's newspaper of record, a report on an auspicious *entente* between the ladies of delight and the women of the fevered brow:

Sex workers have been quietly sighing in protest since the September winds brought a county-wide crackdown on massage parlors and prostitution. But only recently have their sighs reached the volume, however tenuous, of shouts forged within the local feminist community. A UCSC forum in late January, an organizing meeting last week, and events and protests planned through March point to a curious collaboration of sex workers and feminists.

Perhaps most notably, last week sex workers and local organizers circulated a handout reading "Support Sex Workers; Call the DA Today." To the disgruntlement of county law enforcement officials, phone calls have been trickling through to the sheriff and district attorney with the message that it's not just "working girls" who oppose the recent county crackdown on massage parlors. Leaders in the feminist community—individuals unrelated to a perceived lifestyle of sex, drugs and prostitution—seem to be lending credibility to the protests. Meanwhile, they are approaching controversy about the sex industry from a purely pragmatic standpoint: Sex work is safer when confined to massage parlors, says Wendy Chapkis, feminist organizer and UCSC graduate student in Women's Studies.

[February 11, 1988]

Los Angeles Times

Miss Betty Cuniberti, a *Times* staff writer of unique daring, takes readers to the front lines of New Age combat and lives to tell of it:

Little Rock, Ark.—Presidential candidates talk about a lot of boring stuff. "Missiles and throw weights," said Rep. Patricia Schroeder, making her best "ugh" face for a press conference here this week.

What about day care? What about family medical leave, the Democratic congresswoman from Denver wanted to know. It's a dirty job, but somebody's got to talk about it.

So Schroeder swept through five primary states with a Hollywood producer (who told Arkansas teen mothers about Michael Fox's love life) and a famous pediatrician (who delighted a South Carolina crowd by imitating baby faces and uterine wall noises). . . .

Schroeder never hesitated to tell gatherings of several hundred people that her congressional colleagues are men with "Rambo" fixations, afraid to crusade for family issues because "they'll be accused of having lace on their underwear." The presidential candidates are not any better, responding to questions about family "by talking about how wonderful their own families are," she said.

[February 26, 1988]

New York Post

A public testimonial from Chynna Phillips, whose telephone number can be found in the Los Angeles telephone directory:

There was no teenage pregnancy problem for Chynna Phillips, whose mother, Michelle, was the scenic quarter of the Mamas and Papas. "She's always been very hip on me dating—as long as I'm careful," Chynna, 20, told *US* magazine. "I mean, she keeps a drawer full of everything: condoms, foams, sponges. They're there for everybody, for me, all my friends, for anyone who needs them. My friends have always envied me having a mom like that."

[March 17, 1988]

Hartford Courant

The editor of the correspondence page of Hartford's estimable *Courant* has some fun at the expense of Steve Shifnadel, a local forwardist:

Our teachers should write with their students and assume the role of peer writers, because only when they dare to bare their souls and see writing as a liberating experience will the entrenched mind-set of their role change. Only then will they see their editing as a violation of the intellectual and creative process of anyone who writes. And only then will they truly understand the connection between writing and ownership.

The writing-conferring process highlights expression, both written and oral, in a way that fosters support and trust in the vital areas of valuing, responding and receiving. This allows all of us to grow as individuals in ways far more valuable than the cruel and unusual punishment of "teaching" grammar rules in an irrelevant vacuum.

—Steve Shifnadel
New Britain

Editor's note: The writer is an elementary school teacher in Windsor.

[May 22, 1987]

New Republic

The highest accolade known to New Age Liberalism is extended 'midst the requisite paralogisms to the Hon. Gore by Hendrik Hertzberg, the celebrated tutu collector:

Nevertheless, on balance—the way Gore likes to judge things—a Gore presidency would be a pleasing prospect for liberals. Gore is attractive as much for what he might become as for what he is. He fairly radiates possibility. William V. Shannon has written that "of the serious candidates in both parties, he is the only one who has the potential for greatness." He has not been a charismatic candidate; he would be, I think, a charismatic president. The alchemy of the White House would probably turn Gore into a kind of American Gorbachev.

[April 18, 1988]

Campus Report
(Stanford University)

Very politely, Dr. Terry Castle takes exception to a brutal lapse of etiquette descried in the faculty bulletin of a very weird place:

I very much enjoyed Theresa Johnston's profile of Sir Kenneth Dover, visiting professor in the Classics Department (*Campus Report,* Feb. 10). I would like to make one small criticism, however.

Alluding early on in the piece to Dover's groundbreaking work *Greek Homosexuality,* Johnston has the following passage: " 'The Greek male was essentially bisexual, in the sense that he was equally attracted to young males and females,' explains the 67-year-old grandfather, elaborating in terms that would make the Queen Mum blush." I am not sure the admirable Queen Mum *would* blush, but that is not my objection here. In discussing someone who writes about the subject of homosexuality, must we always have an intrusive "signalling" of his or her putative heterosexuality to the reader? I am delighted that Prof. Dover is a grandfather, but for Ms. Johnston to make a point of it in this context implies that there is something shameful or embarrassing about being taken for homosexual—even by mistake—which there is not.

—Terry Castle
Associate Professor of English

[February 17, 1988]

New York Times

For those cursed by inferior powers of observation, novelist Alison Lurie reports that invisible hazes are blue:

But sometimes, even as I watched, the air would begin to blur and thicken. Soon, though the sun still shone, an invisible blue haze would erase the mountains. . . .

[April 3, 1988]

Herald—Telephone
(Bloomington, Indiana)

What the man who offered to send $150 million worth of the Shah's military equipment to the Ayatollah in return for freeing the American hostages now says as he lies his way across the Heartland:

MUNCIE—Former President Jimmy Carter says the Reagan administration's arms for hostages initiatives and attempts to aid the Nicaraguan Contras are two policies that have had a negative impact for the United States.

The former Democratic president, speaking to a capacity crowd at Ball State University Wednesday night, claimed his administration never resorted to covert operations in getting the Iranian hostages released.

"We never considered dealing with the Iranians," said Carter. "We never considered paying any kind of ransom like that."

[March 3, 1988]

Progressive

Evidence of nefarious domination of the airwaves by the Reagan clique, grimly adduced by a left-wing Spiro T. Agnew, Dr. Jay Rosen:

The great forgotten fact about American television is that the public owns the airwaves. And the public has double claim on the frequencies assigned to public stations, which by law exist for the community's benefit. But increasingly, that claim is being usurped by the Right and its corporate benefactors. Nowhere is this more obvious and pernicious than in the political talk shows on public television.

The conservative biweekly *National Review* supplies the hosts for three shows on public TV, all of them backed by corporate money: *Firing Line* with *National Review*'s editor, William F. Buckley; *The McLaughlin Group,* hosted by *National Review*'s Washington editor, John McLaughlin, and *One on One,* McLaughlin's interview program.

How many shows do the editors of *The Nation* host? None. The editors of *Mother Jones*? None. *In These Times*? None. *Harper's*? None. *The Progressive*? Alas, no shows.

[March 1988]

Patriot-News
(Harrisburg, Pennsylvania)

Belles lettres makes one last stand on the op-ed page of one of the country's most illustrious gazettes:

One need not be a psychiatrist to know that greed and violence have always had a commanding presence in the psyche of man. Humaneness is but a whisper, a strand of thread across the eons of time, a puff of smoke dwindling down to meandering wisps, the cry of a lonesome whippoorwill fading away to shadowy stillness. Wars and catastrophes nurture its existence briefly and it rides along on the crest of its wave, only to end a dying bubble on the sands of indifference.

Centuries of religions and governments have done little to alleviate inhumanity. The poor are still poor, the homeless, homeless, the exploited, exploited. So it is and always will be until man self destructs or science reroutes his genes away from selfism and outward toward humanism.

—George R. Stahl
Landisberg

[February 6, 1988]

Wilson Quarterly

A consumerist of modern sensibilities strikes out against a leading institution of American *kultur*:

Never Mind Nietzsche

Please cancel my subscription to the *Wilson Quarterly.* Who cares about people like Nietzsche anyway? He was nuts.

I thought your magazine would stimulate contemporary thought. Instead it's the same old thing.

—Evelyn Citak
Park Forest, Ill.

[Spring 1988]

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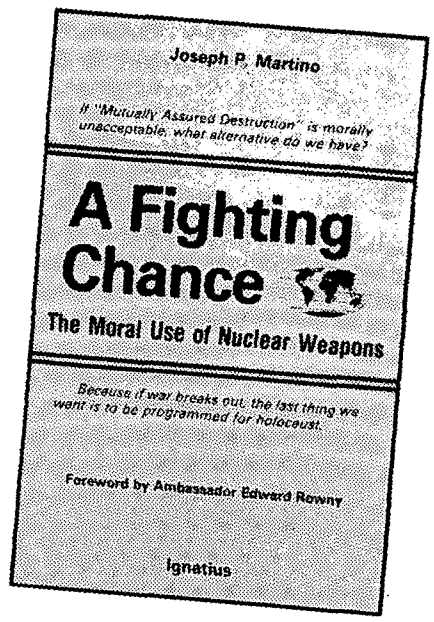
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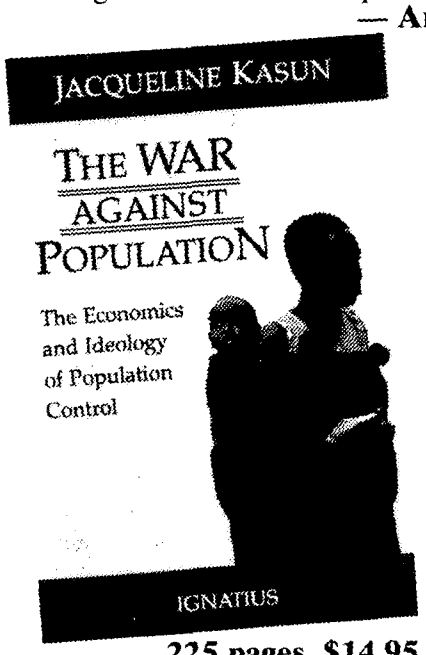

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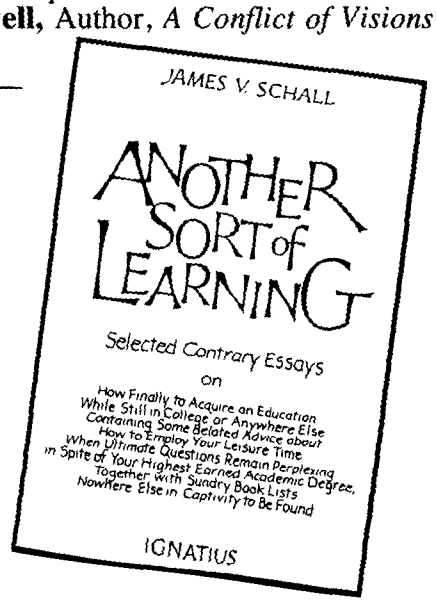
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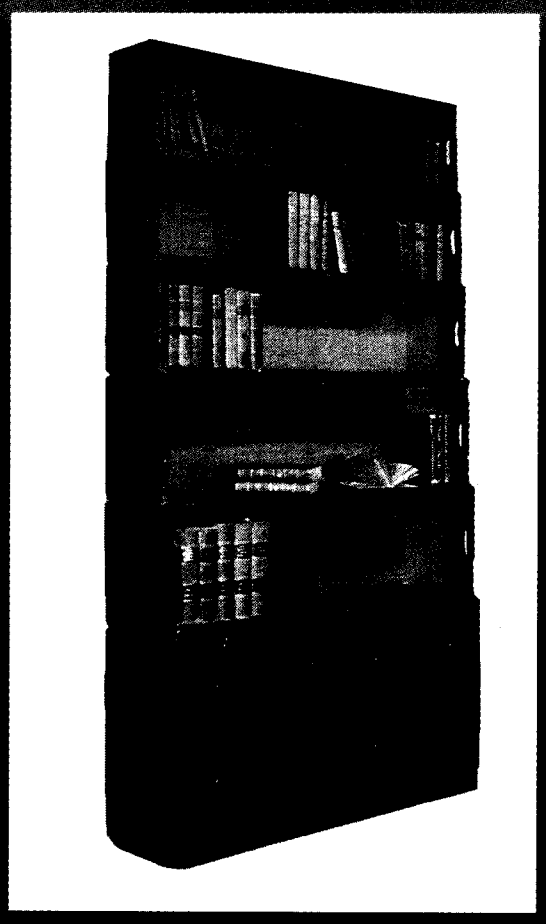

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